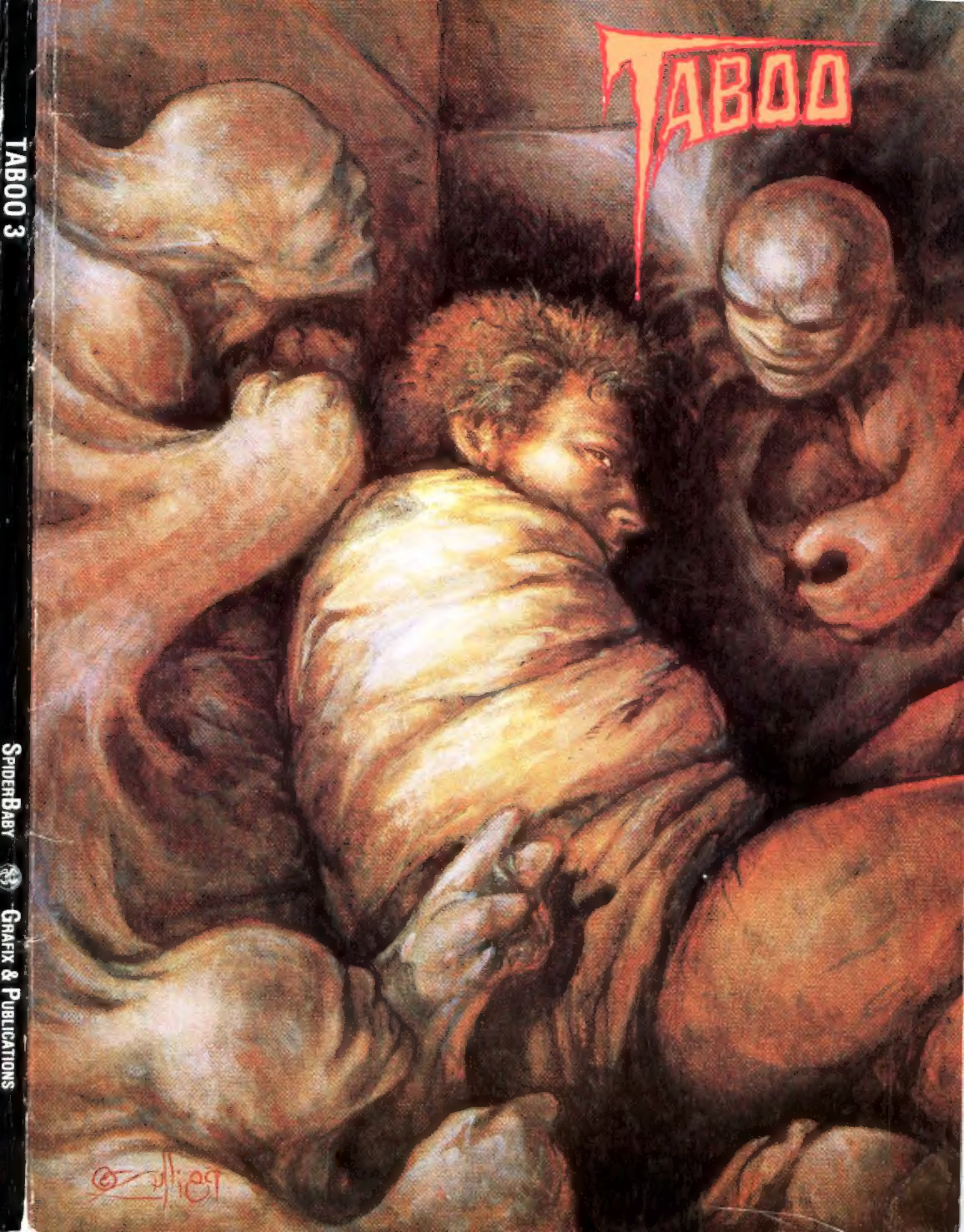

TABOO 3

SPIDERBABY GRAFIX & PUBLICATIONS

R.F.STARK 1986
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Number 3

8 *Maternity Ward*
Jack Venooker & S. R. Bissette

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Jean 'Moebius' Giraud

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96 *From Hell, Chapter 2: A State of Darkness*
Alan Moore & Eddie Campbell

front cover
We Are All Flesh by Michael Zulli, 1989
Oil on panelboard

inside front cover
Dawn at the Crematorium #19 by Rolf F. Stark, 1988
Pastel
(See introduction to "Love in the Afternoon")

this page
Ghost Bride by Nancy O'Connor, 1989
Pastel pencil

inside back cover
Major Arcana: The Magician, the Tower and the Devil
Gull — Christchurch — Hawksmoor) by Alan Moore, 1988, 1989
Oil pastel, collage, construction paper

back cover
Seperatio/Separation of Spirit and Matter by Simonida Perica-Uth, 1983
Oil and egg emulsion, 7.2' x 6'
The figures are related to Jung's *Anima* and *Animus*, and the breasts on the grotesque 'male' reinforce the Pythagorean triangle which is central to the painting's concept and design. This is the first in a series of twelve paintings entitled "American Alchemy" which is funded by a grant from the Maryland State Arts Council.

Taboo is a cooperative book project. All creative work herein remains the exclusive property of the artists. All characters and events depicted herein are fictional. Any similarity to persons living and/or dead is purely coincidental and exists solely in the reader's mind.

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Front cover "We Are All Flesh" ©1989 Michael Zulli; inside front cover *Dawn at the Crematorium #19* © 1989 Rolf F. Stark; contents page illus. "Ghost Bride" © 1989 Nancy O'Connor; this page "Maternity Ward" © 1989 Jack Venooker and S. R. Bissette; "Santa Sangre" © 1982, 1989 Jean 'Moebius' Giraud; "Poker Face" © 1989 Bernie Mireault; "A Touch of Vinyl" © 1989 Rick Veitch and Jack Weiner; "Vulnerable" © 1989 Glen Dakin and Phil Elliott; "One Good Trick" © 1989 Jim Wheelock; "Translylvania Mon Amour" © 1989 Tim Lucas and Mike Hoffman (lyrics quoted in story: "Peace Frog" © 1970 Doors Music/ASCAP; "Heartbreak Hotel" © 1956 Multiwood Music, Ltd.; "The Fountainhead" © 1982 APB Music Co., Ltd.); illus. page 38 © 1989 Mike Hoffman; untitled illus. page 69 and "Cactus Water" © 1989 Rick Grimes; "Love in the Afternoon" © 1989 Rolf Stark and Marlene Stevens; "From Hell, Chapter Two: A State of Darkness" © 1989 Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell; inside back cover "Major Arcana: The Magician, the Tower and the Devil [Gull — Christchurch — Hawksmoor]" © 1989 Alan Moore; back cover *Seperatio/ Separation of Spirit and Matter* © 1989 Simonida Perica-Uth

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Acknowledgements to all our friends, who get us through. Extra Special Thanks to Mirage Studios, Starwatcher Graphics, Inc., Wendy Snow-Lang, and Harold and Frank Shear at Seaboard Bindery, for eleventh-hour assistance without which *Taboo 2* would not have been published. A tip of the hat to Mark Felps, fighting the good fight against censure and censorship; for Buddy knows what, and Mark knows why.

Copies of *Taboo 1* are still available for $11 (US) postpaid from our editorial address below; the signed and numbered limited edition is also available for $22 postpaid from the same address. Please make all checks or money orders payable to SpiderBaby Grafix & Publications. We accept Visa and MasterCard. If ordering from outside North America, please inquire first. **You must be 18 or older to order.**

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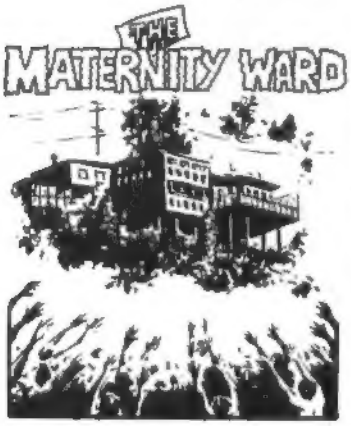
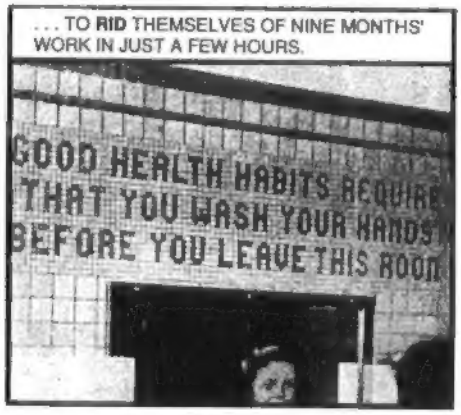
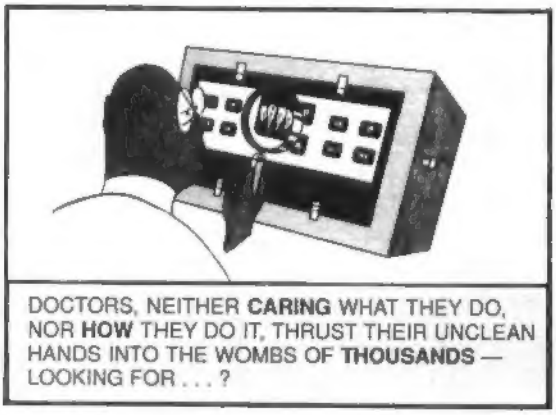
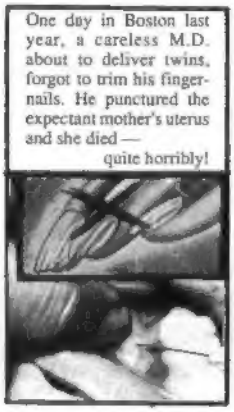



. . . TO RID THEMSELVES OF NINE MONTHS' WORK IN JUST A FEW HOURS.
GOOD HEALTH HABITS REQUIRE THAT YOU WASH YOUR HANDS BEFORE YOU LEAVE THIS ROOM


DOCTORS, NEITHER CARING WHAT THEY DO, NOR HOW THEY DO IT, THRUST THEIR UNCLEAN HANDS INTO THE WOMBS OF THOUSANDS — LOOKING FOR . . . ?


One day in Boston last year, a careless M.D. about to deliver twins, forgot to trim his fingernails. He punctured the expectant mother's uterus and she died — quite horribly!

"Santa Sangre" by Jean 'Moebius' Giraud, about 1982

This was drawn for an early version of Alexander Jodorowsky's original film script. Jodorowsky is renowned as the director of *El Topo* (1970) and *The Holy Mountain* (1973); *Santa Sangre* (1989) is his first film in a decade. Jodorowsky and Moebius have also collaborated on a number of graphic novels, including *The Incal* (1980–88; available in three volumes from Epic). Their first story collaboration, the horrific "Les Yeux du Chat [Eyes of the Cat]," will appear for the first time in English in *Taboo* 4.

Some people are born storytellers, and Bernie Mireault is one of 'em. And while his artistic skills have grown by leaps and bounds, his ability as a spinner-of-yarns was already remarkable with the first issue of *Mackenzie Queen* (Matrix, 1983). Mireault continues to refine those instincts, but they remain fresh, mercurial, and unpretentious. "Poker Face" is Bernie's latest tale, and though it may be bawdier than his "Cable" in *Taboo 1*, its almost hallucinogenic edge is keener, the teeth razor precise.

It seems incredible that Bernie didn't start reading comics until the age of nineteen. Except for casual flirtations with *Mad* magazine or *Archie* comics, Bernie's love for comics didn't hit until he was attending Dawson Community College in Montreal, Quebec. Trapped in the usual student pauper's existence, Bernie stole his comics from the bus stop newstand and read them on the way to the college. An honest thief, he returned the books he'd read on the trip home . . . and swiped new titles the next morning.

While a few of the comicbooks left an impression — Bernie singles out Klaus Jansen's work over John Buscema's pencils in Marvel Comics' otherwise anemic *Tarzan* (29 issues, 1977–79), and found Jansen's later work even more influential — the *form* proved more compelling than the content. "I knew I could do better work, tell better stories," Bernie recalls. And he is not being scatological when he says, "I always wanted to see somebody go to the bathroom . . . but it just never happened!" The human element was always missing: the evocation of a believable day-to-day life of the four-color characters extending beyond the panel borders.

Even Bernie's wildest comicbook fantasies communicate the feeling that his characters — prophets, demons, aliens, and superheroes included — *do* live a full life outside the comic page. The details of their more mundane existence never clutter Bernie's narratives, but rather enrich them. The telling moments, the human nuances always fuel the telling of the tale itself . . . the mark of a born storyteller, wise beyond his years.

So, shuffle the cards — are you playing with a *full* deck tonight? — while Bernie tells us an ace story.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Mackenzie Queen (five issues; Matrix, 1983–86); "The Jam" in *New Triumph Featuring Northguard* #2-5 (Matrix, 1985–87); *The Jam Black and White Special* (1986); *Grendel* #13-15 (with writer Matt Wagner; Comico, 1987–88); *The Jam Super Cool Color-Injected Turbo Adventure from Hell* #1 (Comico, 1988); "Cable" in *Taboo 1* (1988); *The Comico Christmas Special* (Comico, 1988); "Oh, Baby! Our Love is Taboo" in *Taboo 2* (1989); *The Jam* (6 issues; Slave Labor, 1989–90); "The Secret Origin of Clayface" in *Secret Origins* #44 (pencils only) and "The Origin of the Riddler" in *Secret Origin Special* #1 (pencils only— both DC Comics, 1989)

ST. JOSEPHS
MENTAL
INSTITUTION
I GODDA
FULL HOUSE.
WHADDA YOU
GOT?

POKER FACE

JOHNNY.

EMMALINE.

FRED.

SHIT.
SO WHAT DO YOU GOT, SWEETIE?
A PAIR.
ALL MINE!
HEY...
SHIT.
DON'T DEAL 'EM YET!
THEN HURRY UP!
HEY, PAL! WANNA SHOT?
NO, THANKS.
ER... I DON'T THINK I CAUGHT YOUR NAME YET, SWEETIE.
HMM?
HEY!

WHERE'S THE ASS-WIPE?
OH-OH...

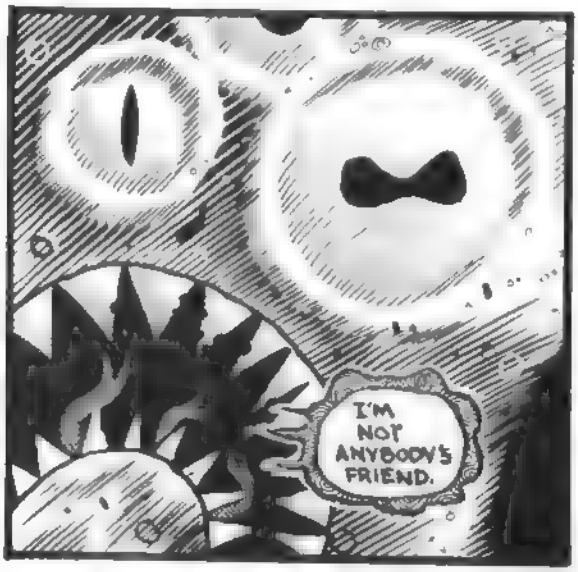
...I FORGOT! I'LL BE BACK IN A SEC.
I'M COMING!
LEAVE THE TOWELS ALONE!

MAN, I GOTTA STOP THIS BETTING OR I'LL LOSE MY LITTLE PROFIT!
SAY...

...I'M SORRY, MAN, BUT I FORGET YOUR NAME, YOU'RE FRED'S BUDDY, RIGHT?
YUP.
OKAY!..

...I'VE GOTTEN RID OF ALL MY BAD LUCK!
LET'S PLAY POKER!
JESUS, FRED!
P-U!
HEY! I'M HEALTHY!

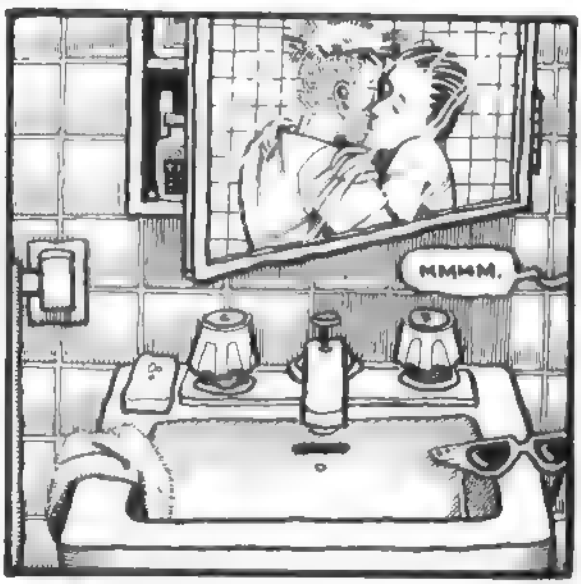
FOUR ACES!
COUNT 'EM!
FOUR!
PAIR.
CHRIST!
SORRY ABOUT THAT RENT, JOHNNY.
THERE'S OVER FORTY BUCKS HERE! I'M ALMOST EVEN!
BAH! I'M GOING TO THE CAN.
ME FIRST!
HEY!
HEH HEH!
HERE, IT'S YOUR DEAL. SHUFFLE THEM UNTIL JOHNNY AND EM-MALINE GET BACK.
SURE.
YEOW!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HAND!?
I DUNNO, FRED...
.. WHY DON'T YOU
TELL ME



RIP

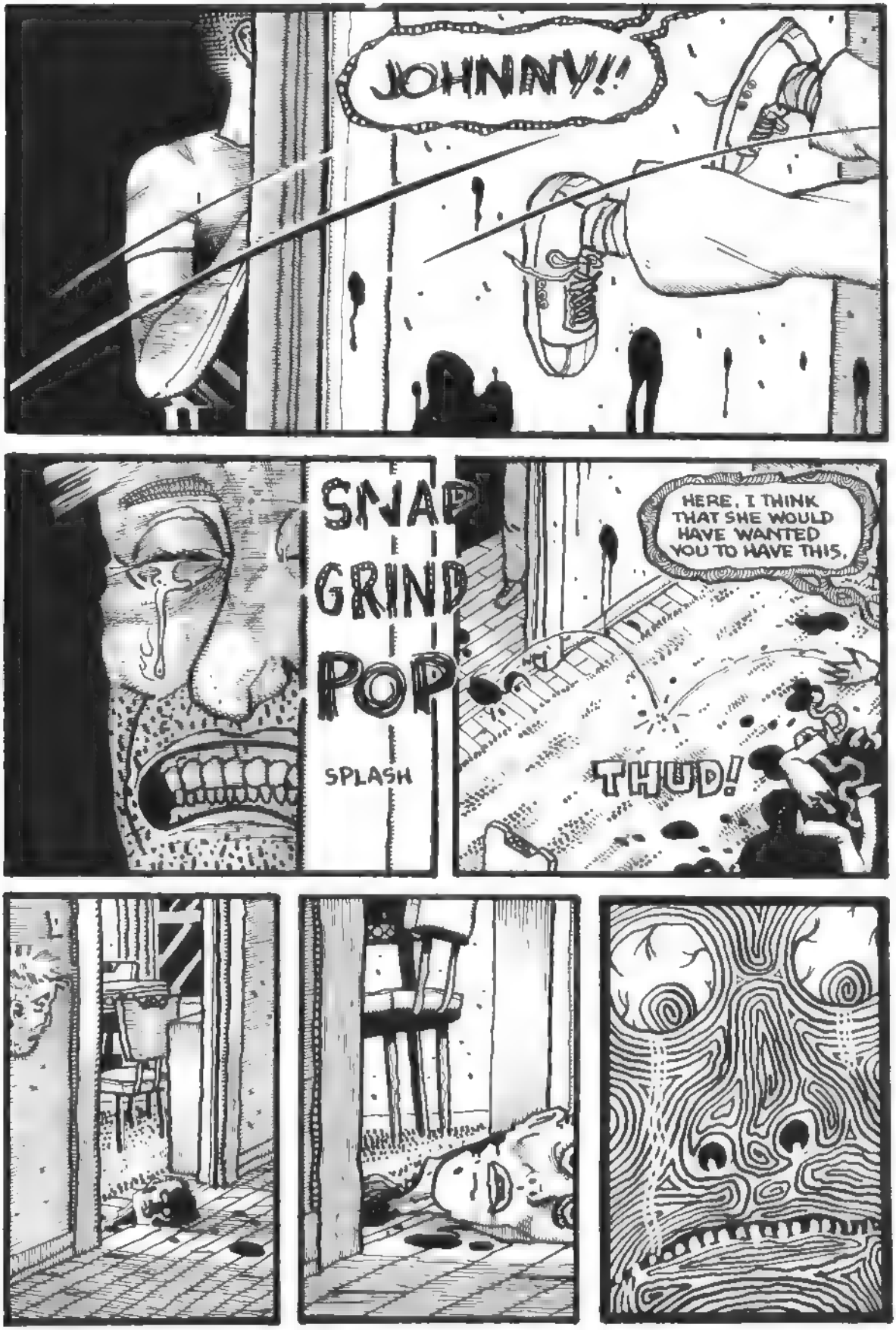
POP

SPLASH

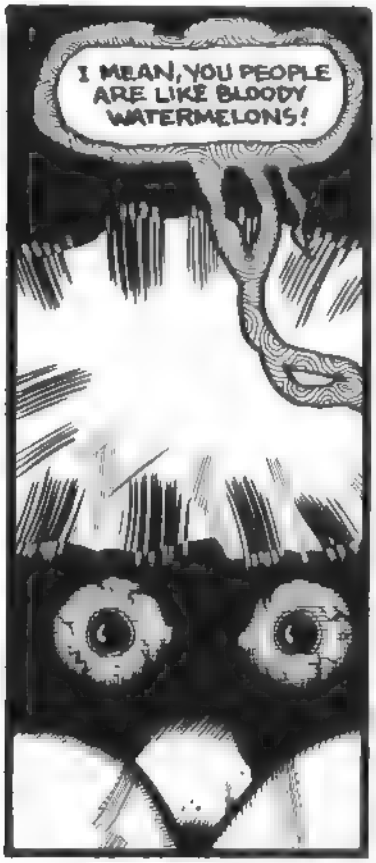


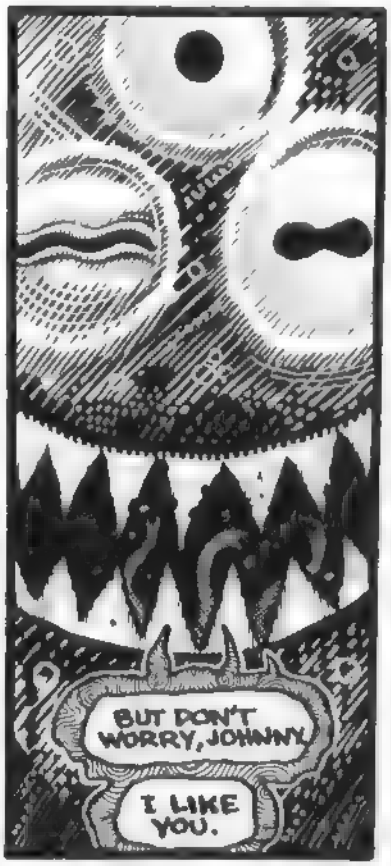
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THAT FOR A LONG TIME.
YOU'RE KIDDING!
I LIKE YOU ALOT, JOHNNY.
VISA-VERSA TOO!
YOU'RE A GOOD KISSER!
SO ARE YOU.
JOHNNY... IF... ER... IF YOU WANT TO STAY HERE TONIGHT, THAT WOULD BE --
HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA HEE HEE HEE
FRED'S DEAD.
FRED'S DEAD.

FRED?
HAHAHA HAHA
LET'S GO AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.
YOU FIRST.
SEE? HE'S DEAD.
OH MY GOD OH
MY GOD
D-DON'T. J-JOHNNY...
...HELP ME, JOHNNY.
C'MERE.
JOHNNY!

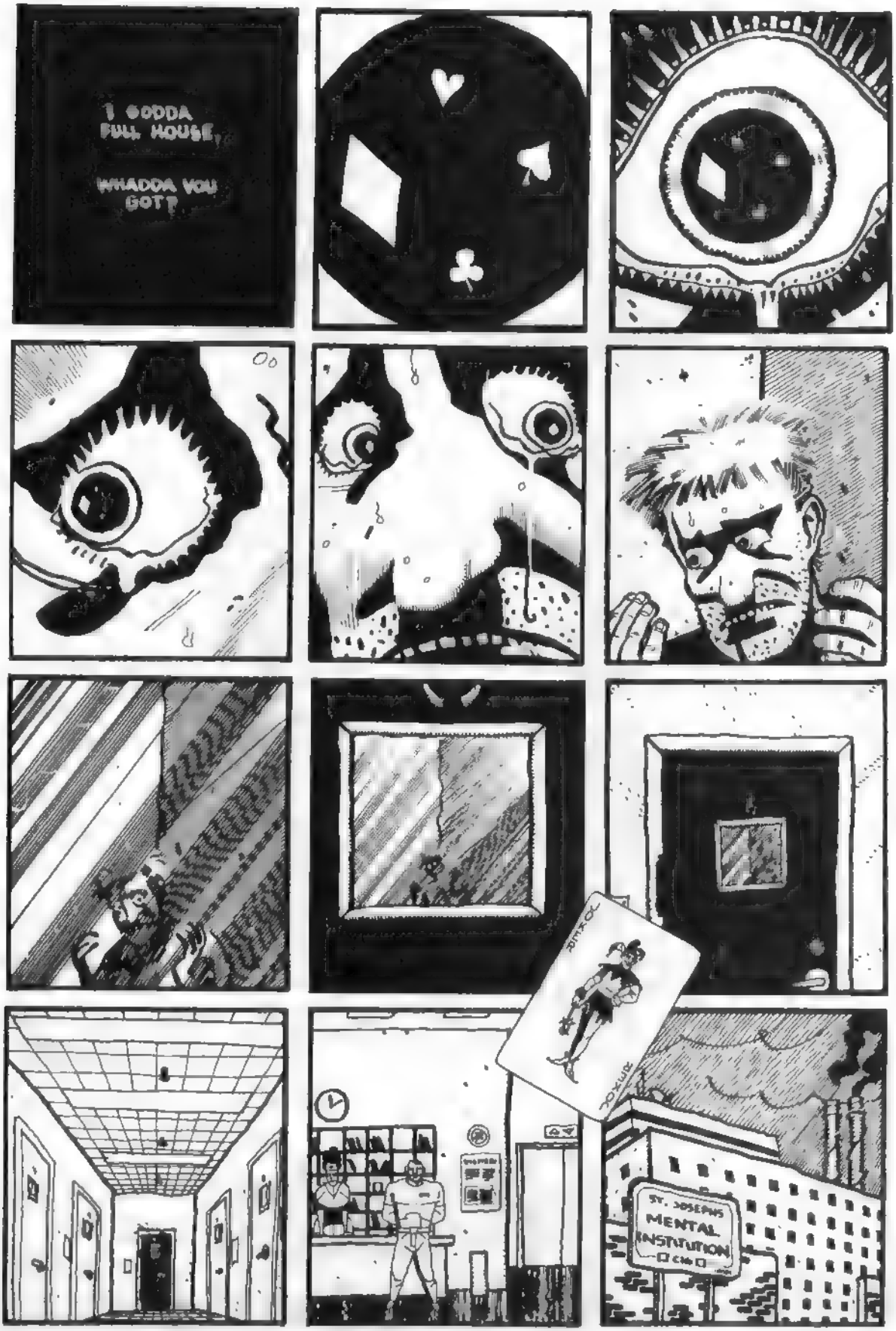

JOHNNY!!
SNAP
GRIND
POP
SPLASH
HERE, I THINK THAT SHE WOULD HAVE WANTED YOU TO HAVE THIS.
THUD!

THIS IS GREAT!


I MEAN, YOU PEOPLE ARE LIKE BLOODY WATERMELONS!


BUT DON'T WORRY, JOHNNY.
I LIKE YOU.

LET'S PLAY SOME CARDS.


I GODDA
FULL HOUSE,
WHADDA YOU
GOTT
ST. JOSEPHS
MENTAL
INSTITUTION

Rick Veitch's career includes so many aspects of the comicbook industry that it would be unfair to sum it up in a portion of a page; even a *very* selective bibliography barely suggests his professional range. Disgusted with work-for-hire policies and mainstream business practices — especially DC's refusal to publish *Swamp Thing* #88, after his concept, cover, and script had been accepted in principle — Veitch this year launched his own publishing company, King Hell Press.

Jack Weiner's training in visual art includes formal study at the Massachussetts College of Arts, work at the Graphic Workshop in Boston, and freelance art, graphic design, and silk-screen printing. His work has been shown throughout the U. S., Europe, and Japan, and is included in the permanent collection of the National Collection of Fine Arts in Washington, D.C. He operates "RAMbrandt Computer Graphics" out of his hillside studio-dwelling and delights in "pushing the possibilities of using the computer as an artist's tool." "A Touch of Vinyl" is Jack's first exploration of the comic art medium.

"A Touch of Vinyl" both embraces and ruthlessly parodies the conventions of the once-popular 'romance' comics, and it provides a *reductio ad absurdum* for the lover-as-'sex-object' It adds horror to such chronicles of tactile romance as Guy Colwell's excellent *Doll* (three issues; Rip Off Press, 1989) ". . . Vinyl" reinterprets elements of Dave Crossley's "Christopher's Punctured Romance" (*Help!* #24, Warren, 1965), in which John Cleese's marriage is threatened by his lust for a Barbie doll, thus fusing the fumetti tradition — photo-comics — with computer-generated comic art.

Computer-generated comics are very much in their infancy. Artist Michael Saenz introduced the form with "Shatter," a dystopian science-fiction series which, however, abandoned the computer-generated artwork — its sole raison d'etre — soon after its debut. Veitch and Weiner have chosen a different direction for their experiments, and "A Touch of Vinyl" is the initial result.

A Touch of Vinyl

My involvement with the computer as a tool to generate comic art began in the spring of 1988 when Rick Veitch approached me with his idea for a story about a man who develops a deadly obsession for an inflatable sex doll. He felt that my Amiga computer would be perfectly suited to illustrate the story in the style of fumetti.

Rick created the script, layed out the panels, and supplied the storyboards which we shot — one panel at a time — on Fujuchrome color slide film, using our newly acquired inflatable sex doll "Dolly," and with very tolerant friends as standins. Most of the panels were shot in and around my home, but some were shot on location in Boston.

To digitize the slides I used a copy stand, light box, and a Panasonic 4010 b&w video camera hooked up to my Commodore Amiga 2000, and "Digi View" software by Newtek.

Once stored on disk, the images were loaded into various image processing programs (like Hugh Hones' "True Basic Image Processing," Electronic Arts "Deluxe Photolab," and Progressive Peripherals & Software's "Pixmate" where the finished panels were created. Each panel was then printed on a Xerox 4020 ink jet printer using the Floyd Steinberg algorithm. Captions were typeset using Gold Disk's "Professional Page" and printed on a Hewlett Packard postscript laser printer at 300 dots per inch resolution. Finally, image panels and text were pasted up manually and final special effects handrawn by Rick. (He couldn't resist.)

I would like to thank the following people for their immeasurable help: my wife Mary, Cindy Veitch, my identical twin Jim, and Carol O'Brien, Brian Williams, Hugh Hone, Kim & Chuck Rak, Charlie Foltz, Bob Ross, Steve Bissette, Stephen Murphy and Andrea Carlin, Paul Kiefner, the Memory Location of Wellesley — especially Arman — and special thanks to "Bob" and "Don't use my name" of Love Toy Hooks, Boston, for their good natured help and the use of their window display.

— Jack Weiner

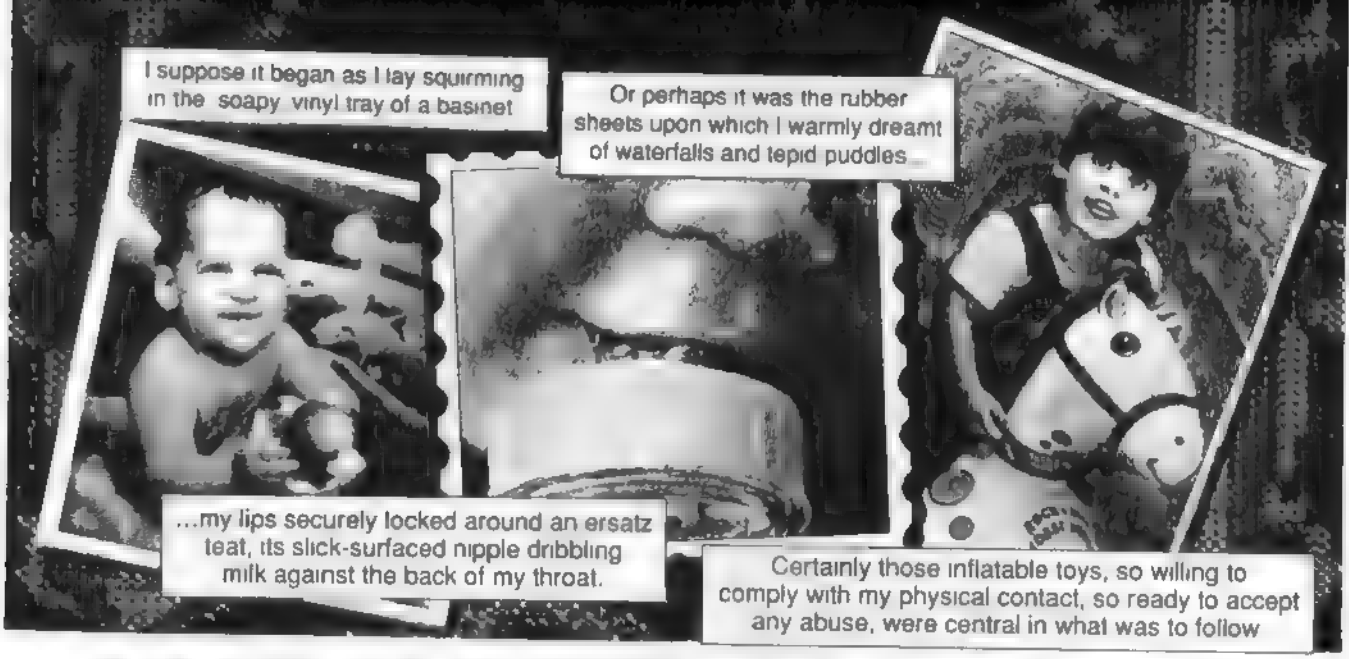
Rick Veitch bibliography (artist-writer unless noted):

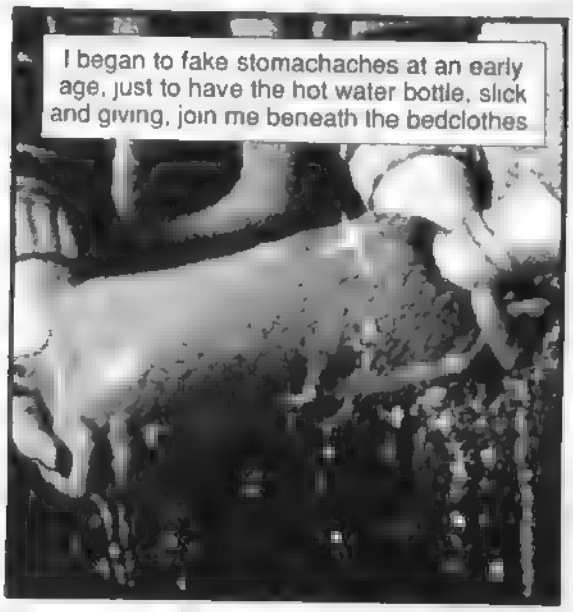
[illegible]

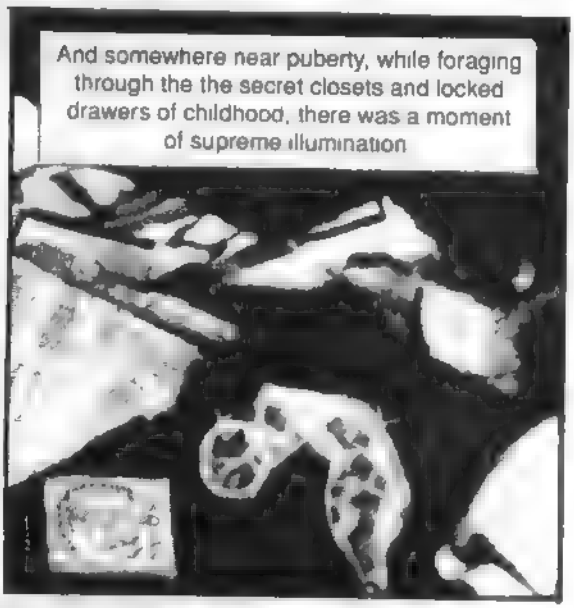
A TOUCH OF EVIL

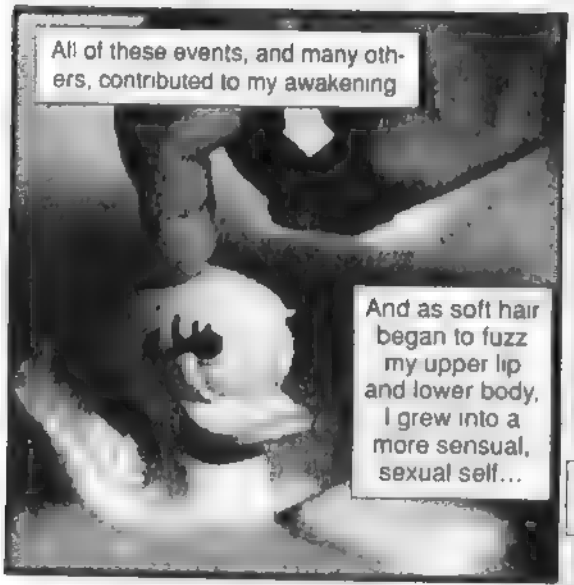
BY RICK VEITCH and JACK WEINER

I am in the grip of a most curious sensation
I can neither move nor speak
And but for the plastic sheet stretched tight across my brow, I feel nothing
Am I DEAD?
Shadows skitter across my field of vision Why are they laughing?
I MUST be dead I'm not breathing
But it's almost as if my need for oxygen was a thing of the past My lungs feel DEFLATED.
This is IT, then I'm in HELL !
The laughing shadows — they're here to PUNISH me
They must know all about POLLY All about
Is that why I'm here? To live and relive every detail of my obsession?
For all ETERNITY?


I suppose it began as I lay squirming in the soapy vinyl tray of a basinet
Or perhaps it was the rubber sheets upon which I warmly dreamt of waterfalls and tepid puddles...
...my lips securely locked around an ersatz teat, its slick-surfaced nipple dribbling milk against the back of my throat.
Certainly those inflatable toys, so willing to comply with my physical contact, so ready to accept any abuse, were central in what was to follow


I began to fake stomachaches at an early age, just to have the hot water bottle, slick and giving, join me beneath the bedclothes


And somewhere near puberty, while foraging through the the secret closets and locked drawers of childhood, there was a moment of supreme illumination


All of these events, and many others, contributed to my awakening
And as soft hair began to fuzz my upper lip and lower body, I grew into a more sensual, sexual self...

.. one whose uncontrollable carnal compulsions had, of necessity, to be savored **ALONE**.

I developed a life of sequestered stimulation, becoming a master of arts that can only be sampled *sotto voce*
committing to a Faustian bargain with the self, a contract in which both sides harmoniously agreed ..
. that there be no greater pleasure on this earth than the soft, smooth caress of a plastic shower curtain.
. combined with the torrid needles that spurt uncontrollably from a pulsating hot-water nozzle
With age came maturity, and the realization that **ALL** states of excitement need not end in spasms of violent passion
I found myself transfixed by the tactile overload of auto interiors
The daily commute to my job at the petrochemical plant became a regular experience of inflamed senses and galvanized desire at 55 miles per hour
Sometimes for **HOURS** on end

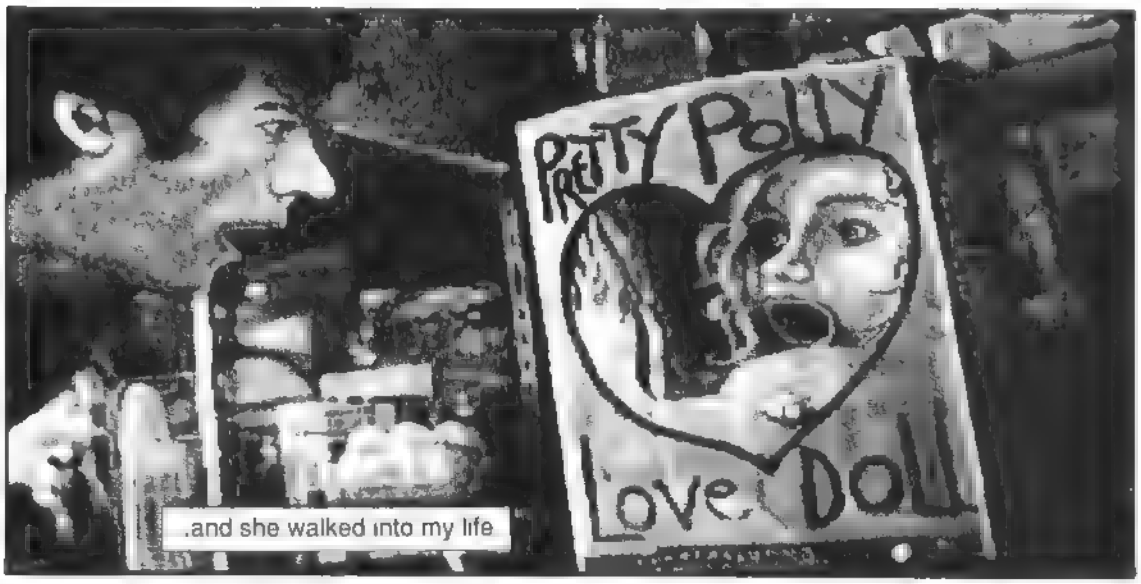
I tried dating, of course — sampling the various menus of the opposite sex.

Some were mutton Some pork. And some were veal

But after all, they were nothing but warm meat, their skins lacking the cool, crisp smoothness that would send my blood pressure skyrocketing

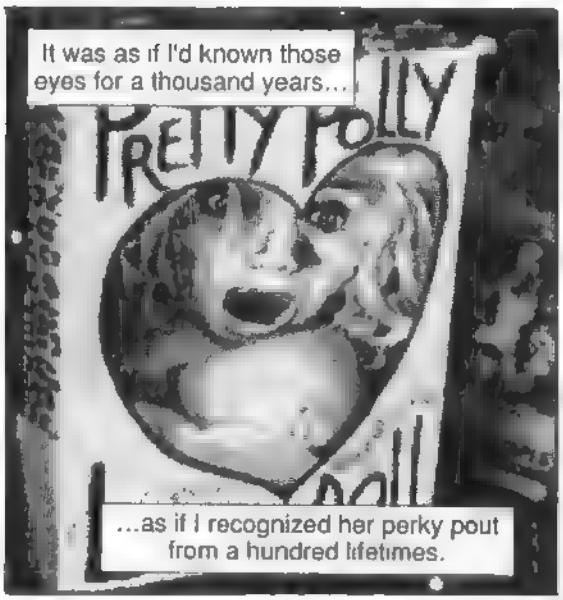
So I had quite satisfactorily resigned myself to the lonely existence of the onanist...

until that fateful, blessed day, when a store window display caught my eye on a busy street...



.and she walked into my life

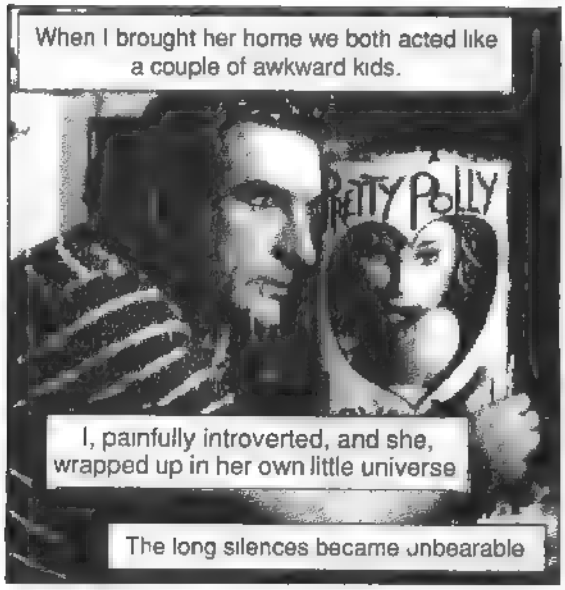
It was as if I'd known those eyes for a thousand years...

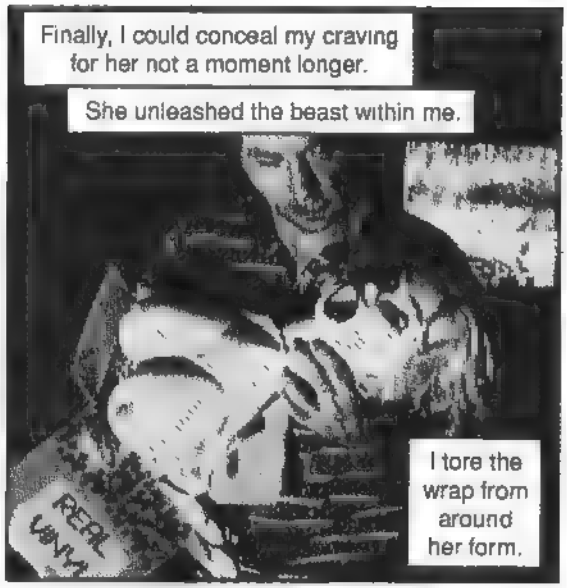


...as if I recognized her perky pout from a hundred lifetimes.

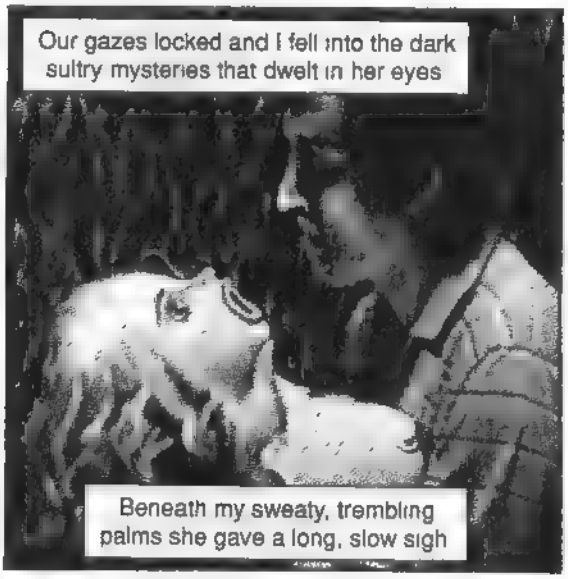
The quivering pulse that surged up and through my head told me, in no uncertain terms. .

I **HAD** to have her

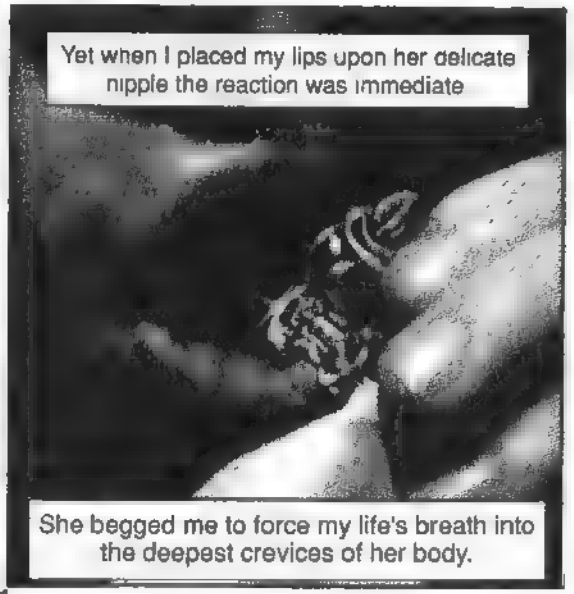

When I brought her home we both acted like a couple of awkward kids.
PRETTY POLLY
I, painfully introverted, and she, wrapped up in her own little universe
The long silences became unbearable

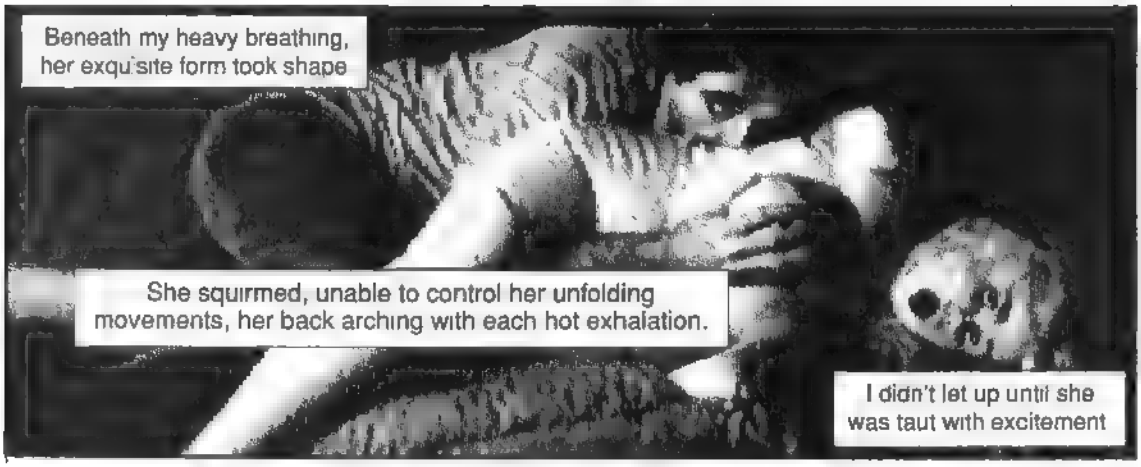

Finally, I could conceal my craving for her not a moment longer.
She unleashed the beast within me.
I tore the wrap from around her form.

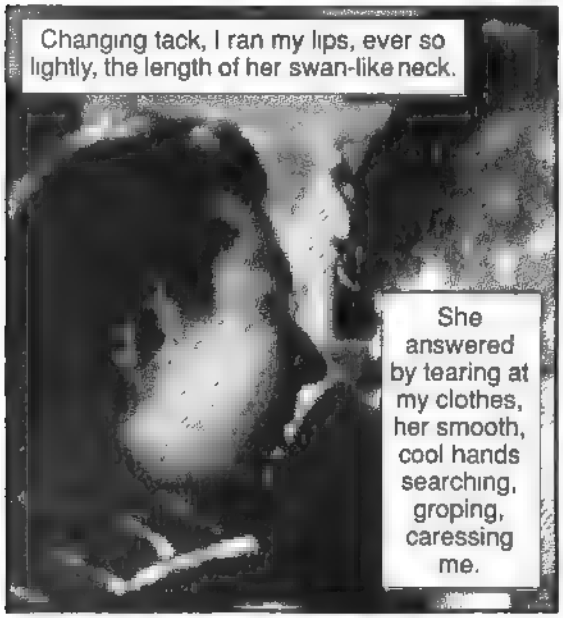
She lay strangely yielding in my grip...
..her scent exciting my blood, a maddening mantra oscillating between brain and loins.

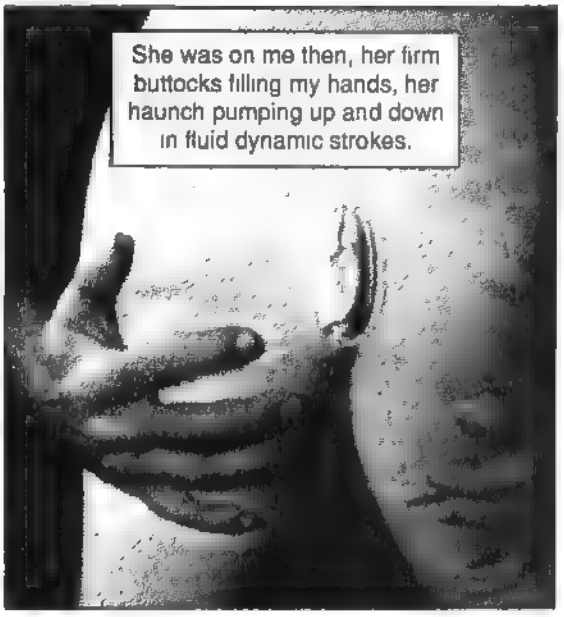

Our gazes locked and I fell into the dark sultry mysteries that dwelt in her eyes
Beneath my sweaty, trembling palms she gave a long, slow sigh

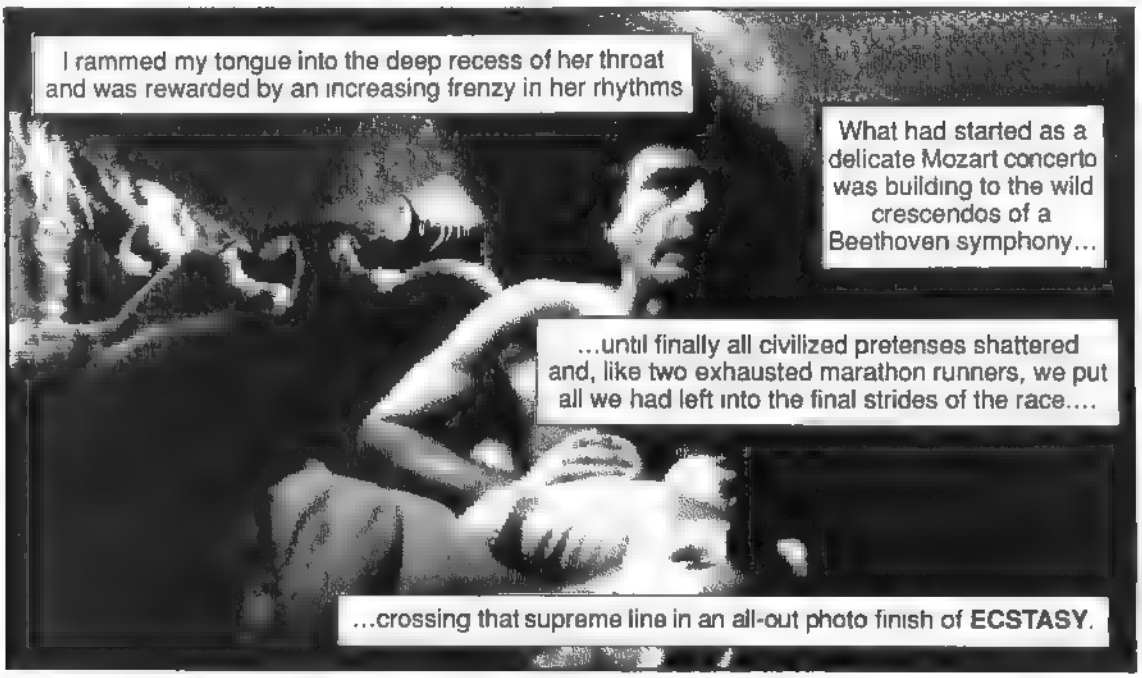
I knew what she wanted.
But I wasn't sure **HOW**, even as my fingers fumbled and found her most private parts

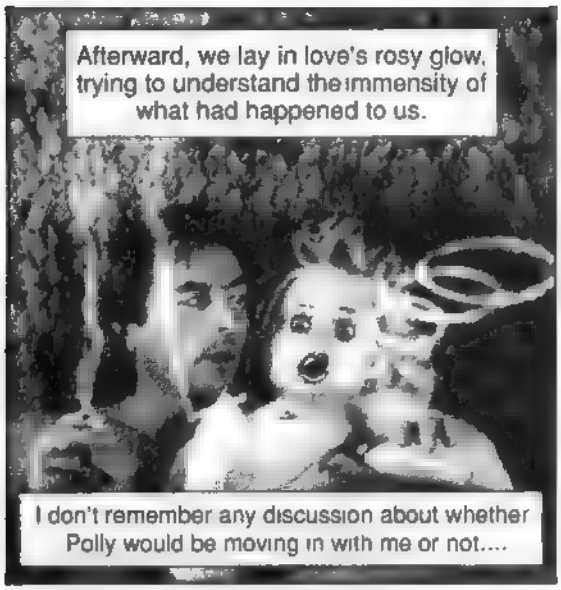

Yet when I placed my lips upon her delicate nipple the reaction was immediate
She begged me to force my life's breath into the deepest crevices of her body.

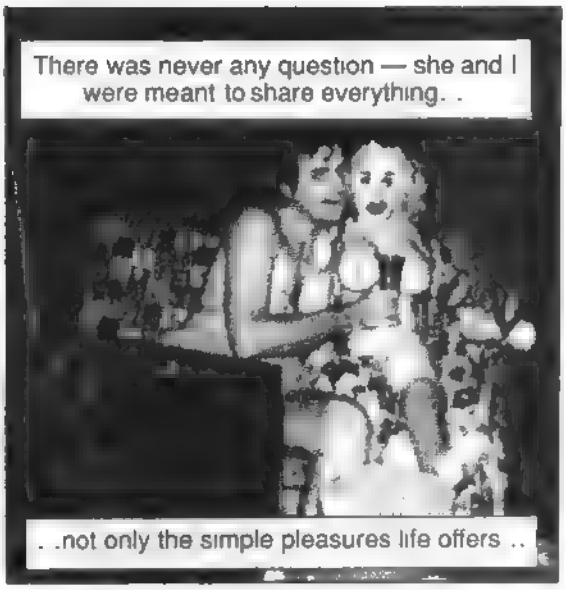

Beneath my heavy breathing, her exquisite form took shape
She squirmed, unable to control her unfolding movements, her back arching with each hot exhalation.
I didn't let up until she was taut with excitement

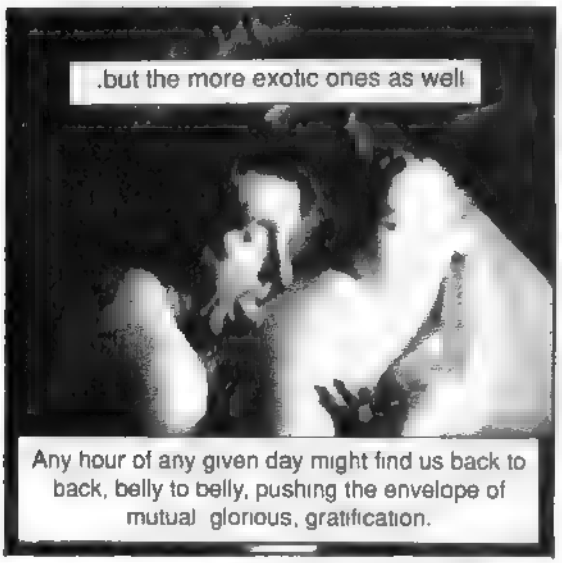

Changing tack, I ran my lips, ever so lightly, the length of her swan-like neck.
She answered by tearing at my clothes, her smooth, cool hands searching, groping, caressing me.


She was on me then, her firm buttocks filling my hands, her haunch pumping up and down in fluid dynamic strokes.


I rammed my tongue into the deep recess of her throat and was rewarded by an increasing frenzy in her rhythms
What had started as a delicate Mozart concerto was building to the wild crescendos of a Beethoven symphony...
...until finally all civilized pretenses shattered and, like two exhausted marathon runners, we put all we had left into the final strides of the race....
...crossing that supreme line in an all-out photo finish of ECSTASY.

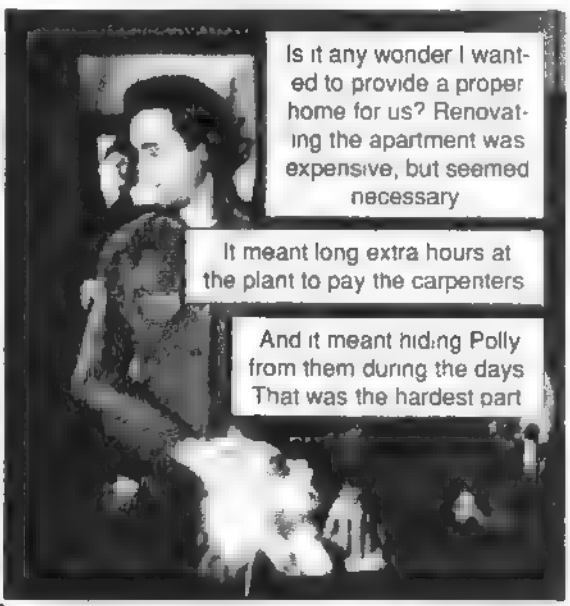

Afterward, we lay in love's rosy glow, trying to understand the immensity of what had happened to us.
I don't remember any discussion about whether Polly would be moving in with me or not....


There was never any question — she and I were meant to share everything. .
. .not only the simple pleasures life offers ..

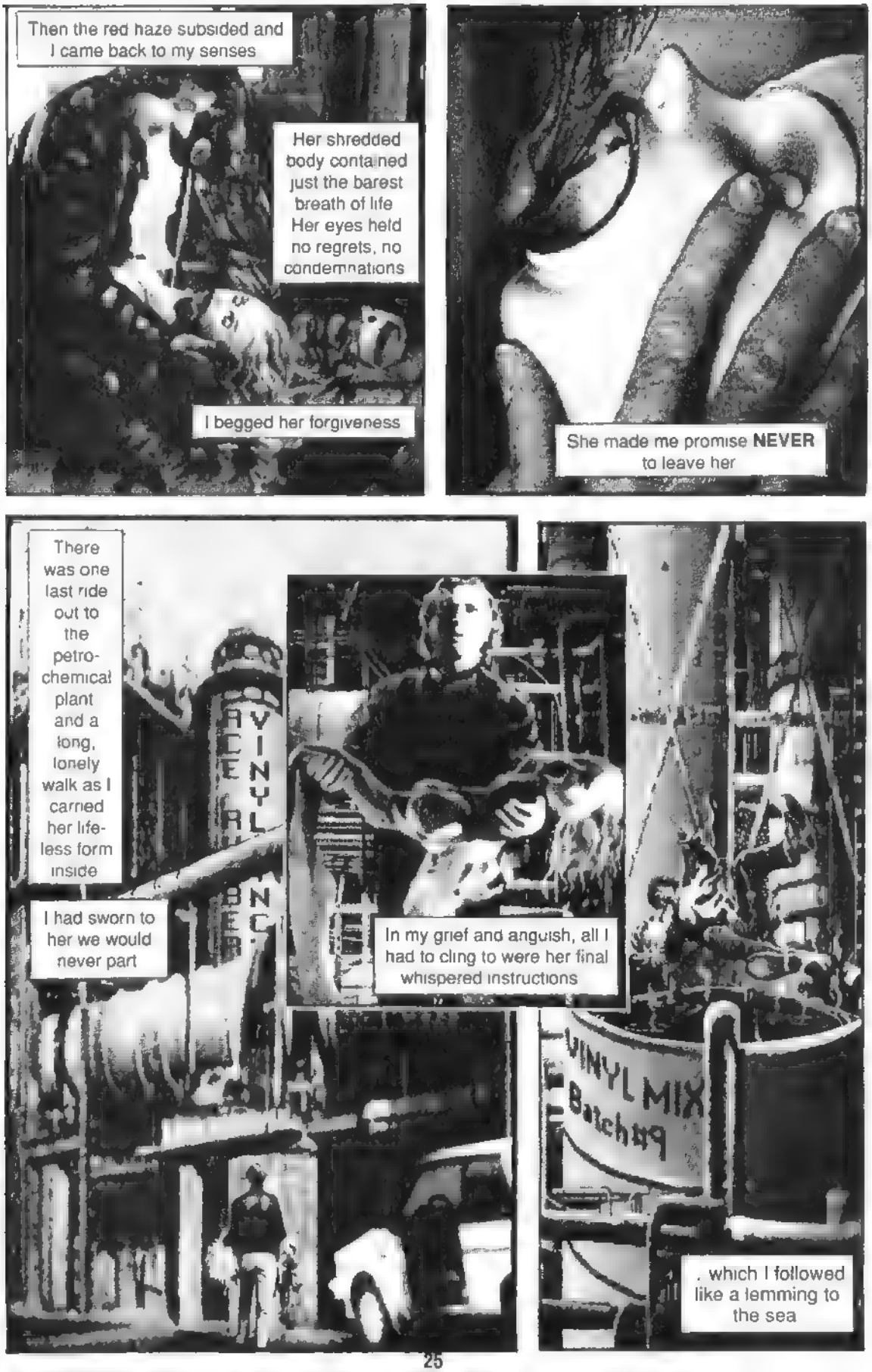

.but the more exotic ones as well
Any hour of any given day might find us back to back, belly to belly, pushing the envelope of mutual glorious, gratification.

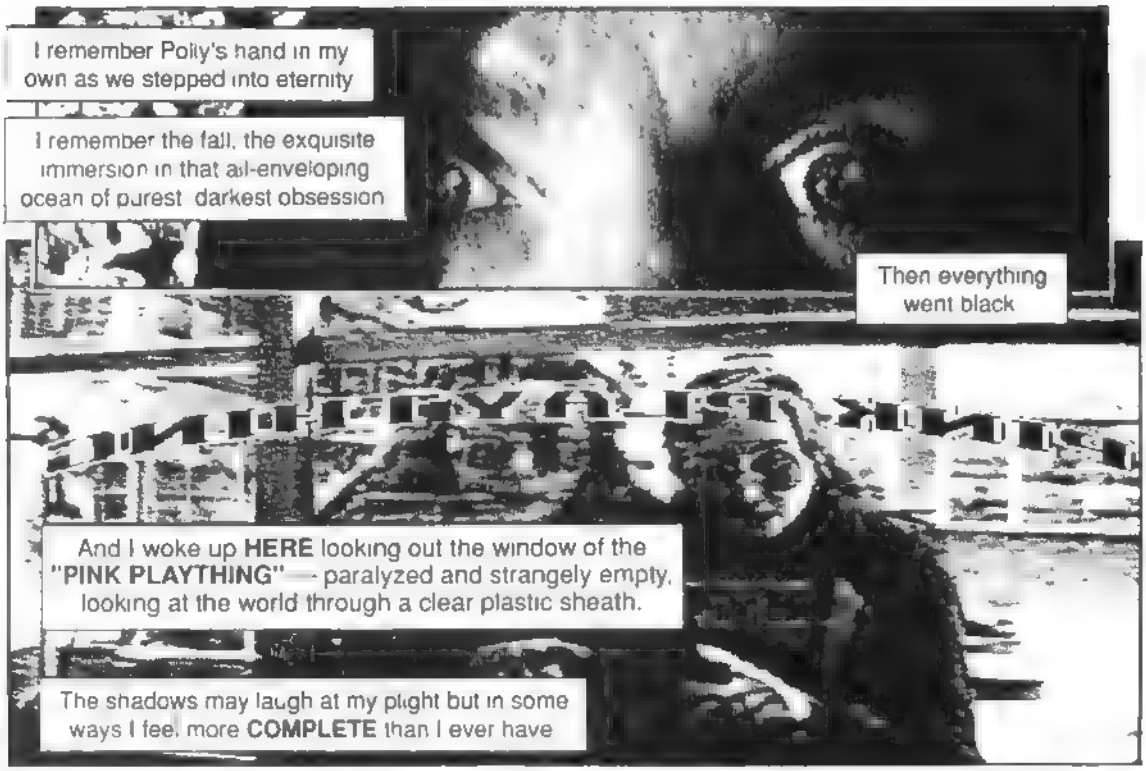
I still enjoyed commuting to the plant in the vinyl cocoon of my automobile, but doubly so when she joined me
With her hands on my thigh or even her head in my lap, we experienced mind-blowing excursions along scenic interstates of pleasure

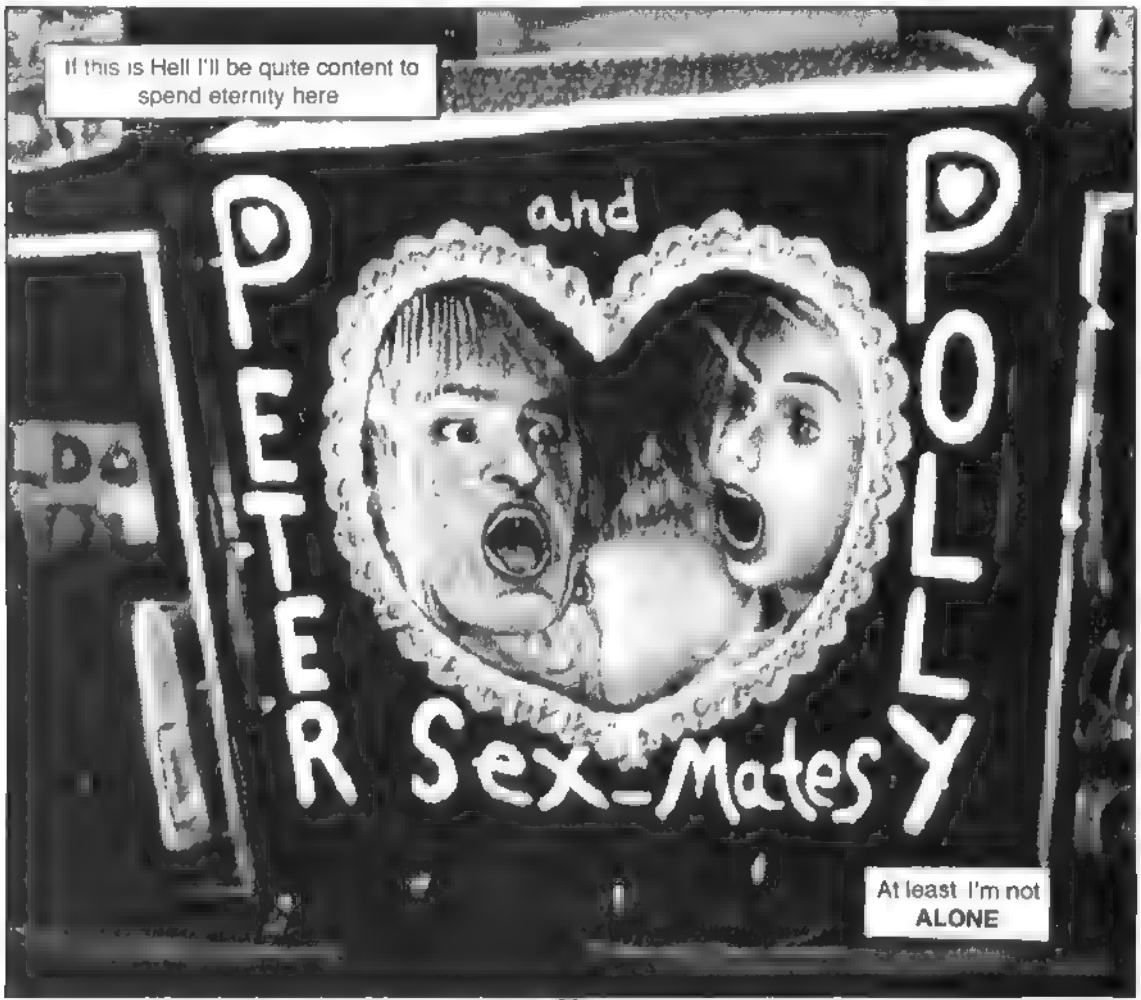
Polly was always there for me — eager and inventive. She never denied me or forced me to play the fool.
She made me the happiest man on earth


Is it any wonder I wanted to provide a proper home for us? Renovating the apartment was expensive, but seemed necessary
It meant long extra hours at the plant to pay the carpenters
And it meant hiding Polly from them during the days That was the hardest part

And looking back on it, I can see it was my biggest mistake
I should have been more open about Polly and me. I should have made it clear she was that special someone to be loved and cherished .
.not violated like a common gutter slut.
HI, PETE! HAD TO STICK AROUND LATE-- FOUND YOUR LITTLE HONEY IN THE DRAWER OVER THERE...
[UNNHH; JUST HAD TO TRY OUT HER [ENGHH; THROAT ACTION!
Perhaps it was the way he mocked my pain
And perhaps it was the look on HER face — that same distinctive pout that I thought was meant solely for me
Whatever the reason, my equilibrium, already stretched way beyond its limit, SNAPPED.
I'LL WASH 'ER OUT, MAN! I TOL' YA'-- AAAOOWSHIT!!
The carpenter deserved every slash I gave him, even the last as he lay bubbling and croaking in his own entrails
But God help me I didn't.. I COULDN'T.. stop with him
It was her pout .. She wouldn't stop pouting! I took the broken bottle and I. .I. .


Then the red haze subsided and I came back to my senses
Her shredded body contained just the barest breath of life Her eyes held no regrets, no condemnations
I begged her forgiveness
She made me promise NEVER to leave her
There was one last ride out to the petro-chemical plant and a long, lonely walk as I carried her life-less form inside
I had sworn to her we would never part
In my grief and anguish, all I had to cling to were her final whispered instructions
VINYL MIX Batch#9
. which I followed like a lemming to the sea


I remember Polly's hand in my own as we stepped into eternity
I remember the fall, the exquisite immersion in that all-enveloping ocean of purest darkest obsession
Then everything went black
And I woke up **HERE** looking out the window of the **"PINK PLAYTHING"** — paralyzed and strangely empty, looking at the world through a clear plastic sheath.
The shadows may laugh at my plight but in some ways I feel more **COMPLETE** than I ever have


If this is Hell I'll be quite content to spend eternity here
PETER and POLLY
Sex-Mates
At least I'm not **ALONE**

Phil Elliott and Glenn Dakin have, separately and together, been instrumental to the birth and growth of the British 'stripzines'. Elliott and cohort Ian Wieczorek created one of the earliest of these independent photocopy or small-press comic magazines, *Elipse*, in the early 1970s, and the most vital of the self-published stripzines, *Fast Fiction*, in 1982. Designed as a showcase for their own work and that of companion cartoonists like Eddie Campbell, *Fast Fiction* catalyzed a new generation of photocopy-comics. Along with Elliott, Campbell, and Wieczorek, the work of Myra Hancock, Ed Pinsent, and Glenn Dakin brought a fresh and personal (often autobiographical) approach to comics. Elliott passed the editorial reins of *Fast Fiction* to Ed Pinsent, and by the time the next wave of stripzines had introduced Phil Laskey, Trevs Phoenix, John Bagnall, and others, the prior generation had graduated to the pages of *Escape*, publishers like Harrier Comics, and international markets. Phil has worked as both writer and artist with a number of collaborators, and had a hand in the creation of numerous characters and concepts. His own "Tales From Gimbley" is intimate, enigmatic, and often amusing. Glenn Dakin, who studied at Manchester Polytechnic before pursuing cartooning, is best known for "Temptation," in which the ever-present Devil tempts, harangues, and otherwise bedevils a Christ-like hermit. Wedding the look and spirits of Dan O'Neill (underground artist of Air Pirates infamy) and George Herriman (Glenn's first love, the creator of *Krazy Kat*), to the pun-oriented sarcasm of Johnny Hart, "Temptation" has had a long life, spilling from the pages of his own stripzines into *Escape*, *Honk!*, and continuing to the present day in *Deadline*.

Elliott and Dakin would seem to be at odds as collaborators: Elliott's finest work is whimsical and oddly moving, while Dakin's reveals a caustic, cynical wit worthy of Samuel Clemens' *Letters From the Earth*. Elliott feels that comics "can offer the reader a chance to retrace their steps and enjoy those things in life that might normally pass them by. . . . [He] just want[s] to do comics that strum at the heart strings." Dakin states that "anything that starts trouble is brilliant in [his] book!" Their collaborations, nevertheless, are seamless, though one finds a darker edge in Elliott's work with Dakin than with any of his other collaborators. "Vulnerable" was inspired by Dakin's first trip to Australia — "visiting Eddie Campbell in flowery Taringa." It echoes Dakin and Elliot's first collaboration, "Skiff," which also dealt with a foreigner's impressions of the country he is visiting, and the impressions he leaves behind. The 'impressions' in the following story, however, are more ominous and mysterious. . . .

— Vulnerable —

Bibliography — Glenn Dakin

Parlo, the Man of Plaster (created by Steve Way; 6 issues, 1987–88), Captain Oblivion (1987) and Birth Hunter

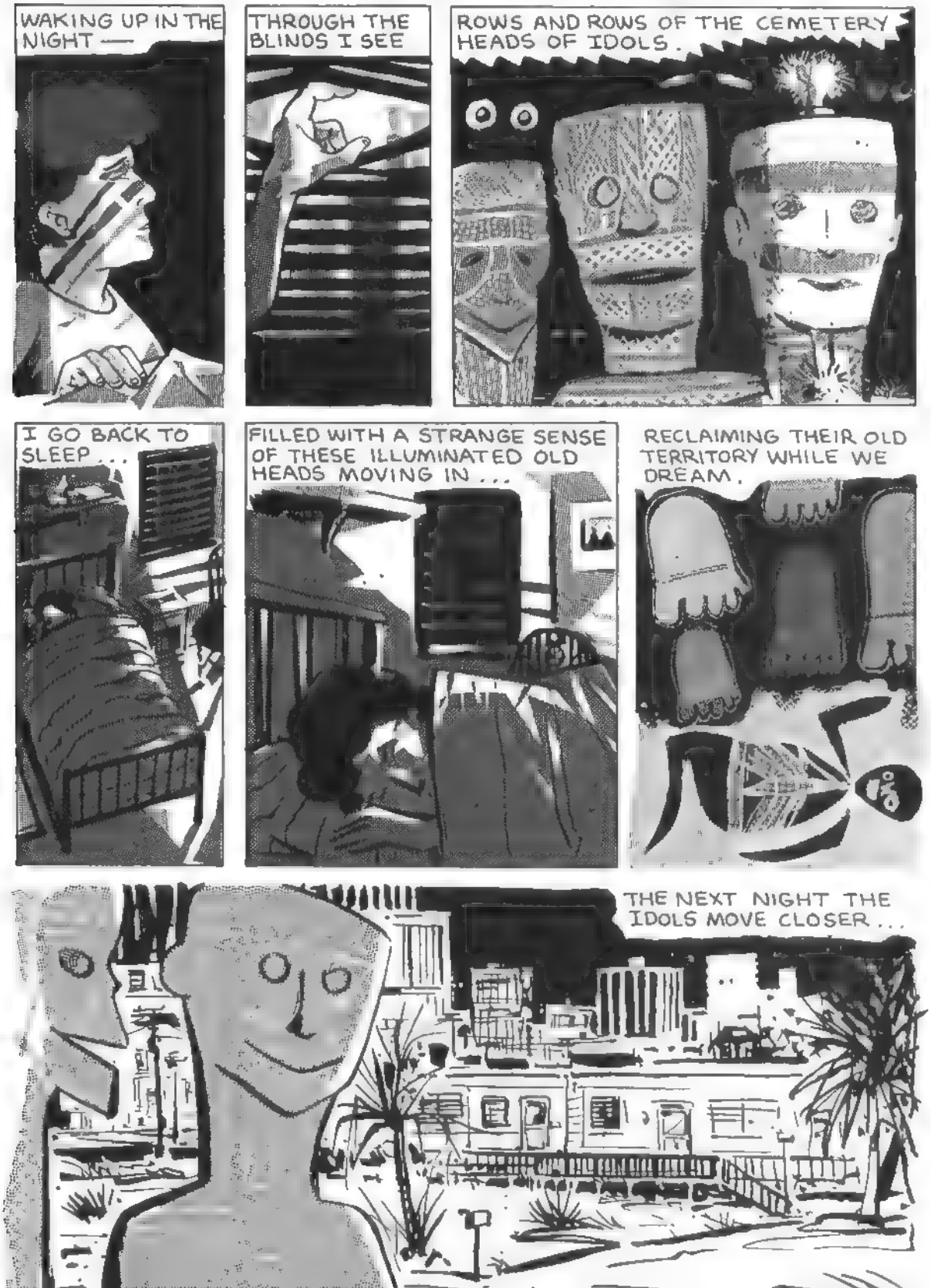
Bibliography — Phil Elliott

Dan Chaos (6 issues, first issue scripted by David Thorpe; Escape Publishing, 1988); *Second City* (4 issues, scripted by Paul Duncan; 1986–87); *Some Tales from Gimbley* (1987); *Vampire Comics* (1988); *More Tales from Gimbley* (1989) — all Hamilton; *The Tattoo* (Ark Comics, 1988); *Bible* (Pantographics, 1988)

Phil Elliott — Glenn Dakin Collaborations

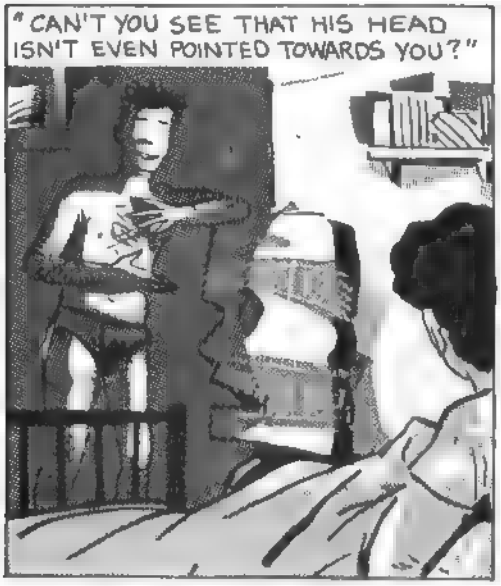
"Skiff" in *Escape* #9 (UK; 1988) and *Prime Cuts* #3 (Pantographics, 1987); "Dirk Rabbit" in *Slug!* #4 (Harrier); "Mr. Day and Mr. Night" in *Parlo, the Man of Plaster* #1–6 (created by Steve Way; Harrier, 1987–88); ALSO CONTRIBUTED SEPARATELY to *Fast Fiction*, *Escape*, *Honk!* (Pantographics), *Spliff!* (Mad Dog), *Giant* (Harrier), and *The Real Ghostbusters* (Marvel UK)

Vulnerable

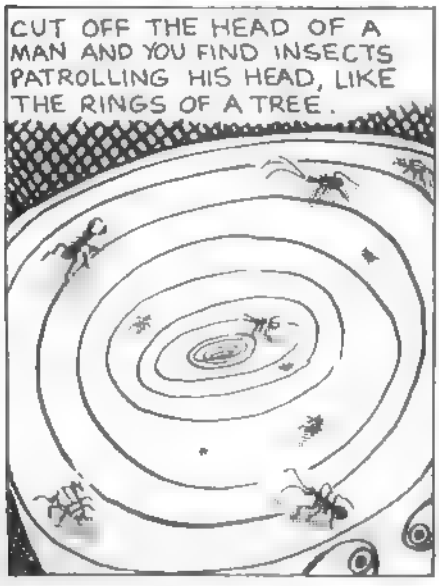

WAKING UP IN THE NIGHT —
THROUGH THE BLINDS I SEE
ROWS AND ROWS OF THE CEMETERY HEADS OF IDOLS.
I GO BACK TO SLEEP...
FILLED WITH A STRANGE SENSE OF THESE ILLUMINATED OLD HEADS MOVING IN...
RECLAIMING THEIR OLD TERRITORY WHILE WE DREAM.
THE NEXT NIGHT THE IDOLS MOVE CLOSER...

I WAKE UP TO SEE ONE OF THEM IN MY ROOM. I AM FILLED WITH FEAR.

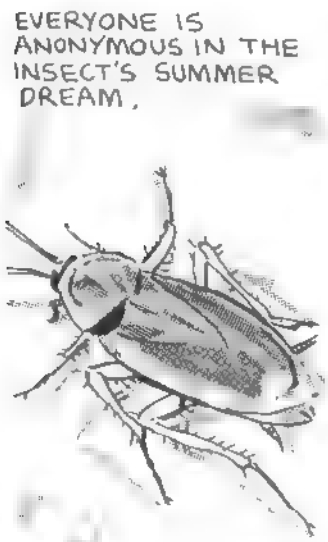
BUT MY HOST SAYS "DO NOT WORRY".


"CAN'T YOU SEE THAT HIS HEAD ISN'T EVEN POINTED TOWARDS YOU?"

BUT EVEN AS I TRY TO FIND SLEEP AGAIN I SEE THAT THE ANTS ARE TRYING TO GET INTO MY EARS.


CUT OFF THE HEAD OF A MAN AND YOU FIND INSECTS PATROLLING HIS HEAD, LIKE THE RINGS OF A TREE.

THE INSECTS HAVE EVEN ENTERED THE EARS OF MY HOST...



— Glenn Dakin & Phil Elliott —

"One Good Trick" is a particularly rude little horror tale, as likely to raise feminist ire as readers' hackles. It appears here because it *is* terribly disturbing and effective, and because it is *about* misogyny rather than *being* misogynistic. For those who argue that such a fine line makes little difference, I point out author/artist Jim Wheelock's tragic portrayal of the woman's participatory role in the horrific 'good trick'. He insists that we remain aware of her humanity even though she allows herself to be used as a sex object: this is the heart and cruel truth of the story. Nor do Wheelock's rough and ready graphics ever allow the events depicted to titillate even momentarily. The imagery, like the tale, is pervasively ugly.

While working in theatrical film distribution — booking exploitation titles like *Torture Dungeon*, *Bloodthirsty Butchers*, *For Your Fists Only*, and the immortal *The Rats Are Coming, The Werewolves are Here!* — Jim Wheelock freelanced illustrations to numerous men's magazines and newspapers. He directed and co-produced the Manhattan cable-television interview show *Movie Madness* (1981–82), and has also drawn storyboards or production art for over a dozen music videos (for Ted Nugent, Donna Sommer, Stevie Wonder, and Earth, Wind & Fire), syndicated tv animated shows (*The Adventures of the Galaxy Rangers*, 1985), and feature films (*End of the Line*, 1987, and the as-yet unreleased *Neon Red*).

Jim was the freelance writer who introduced Americans to the *Judge Dredd* comic via his articles for *Comics Scene*; he now leans more toward writing and drawing his own stories. Given the subject matter he explores in "One Good Trick" and the story-in-progress for a future issue of *Taboo*, Jim sagely comments, "Well, I guess any hope for a Disney job is pretty much shot to hell now!"

ONE GOOD TRICK

...DO YER BUSINESS, AN JUST CALL ME WHERE TA PICK 'ER UP. I'LL SCRAPE OFF YER CUM AN' GET 'ER HOME ON TIME... GOT IT?
C'MON, PRINCE CHARMIN'... SNOW WHITE'S INNA VAN...
AN' NOTHIN' YOU DO IS GONNA WAKE ER UP!!
'FACE'S PRETTY DARN MESSED-UP... BUT HELL, A CLASS GUY LIKE YOU PROBABLY'S GOT HIS OWN PAPER BAG!
BOBBY DID THE MAKE-UP OUT OF SOME MONSTER MAGAZINE. I'VE ME UNDER THE KNEE WITH FINE PHARMACEUTICAL COKE..
CHECK OUT THESE MONEY-MAKERS! NICE? ...CHICK USTA DANCE TOPLESS DOWN IN SPRINGFIELD...
REAL, TOO! NONE OF THAT SILICON SHIT!
...COKE'S HITTIN' IN, AN' I'M SERIOUSLY NUMB...
...AN DIG THE ROSE TATOO... LIKE OUTTA SEKA, OR MAYBE ANNIE SPRINKLES! ...IS THIS CLASS PUSSY OR WHAT?
...ALL I'VE GOTTA DO IS KEEP MY EYES CLOSED AN' PLAY FUCKIN' DEAD...
BOBBY SAYS IF THIS TRICK COMES OFF, WE'RE IN MEXICO...
A foul man... But perhaps he has served me...
ONE GOOD TRICK
Story and Art by JIM WHEELOCK (c)1987

BOBBY SAYS THIS DUDE'S IN FOR TWO GRAND...
...MAGIC MEXICO MONEY...
GOOD PRICE FOR DEAD PUSSY... HELL, I SHOULD INTRODUCE HIM TO MY MOTHER...
...MAKE AN HONEST WOMAN OF HER!
I hope you understand, Maria.
..And forgive me for this lonely act... You know I search for the perfection we had together..
...And can never share again.
..OH, CHRIST!
... PISS TIME AT THE O.K. CORRAL...
...THE GIRL CAN'T HOLD IT!
..AW, HELL... I GUESS DEAD GIRLS DON'T HAVE TO SMELL GOOD...
..JUST KEEP THEIR EYES CLOSED...
Timing is so importart..
...Particularly in this matter...

CORPSE-FUCKING - ANOTHER GREAT NEW ENGLAND TRADITION...
...A HERITAGE TO BE PROUD OF, DAMMIT!!
...LIKE THE RED SOX LOSIN'...
..OLD MAN, BOBBY SAMS..
'SURE I'VE DONE WORSE...
MARIA...
...GUESS HE LIKES NAMIN' HIS CORPSE-HONEYS...
...I think of you...
I dream it is you, again...
...COKE'S GOT ME GOOD 'N' NUMB... CAN'T FEEL A THING
...BET HE'S STROKIN' THE ROSE!
...OL' ROSE ALWAYS GETS THE BOYS HARD!
It is close...

...HE MUST BE INSIDE ME... BUT I CAN'T FEEL SHIT...
It is close, Maria .. I sense the perfection...
...The convergence of two roads...
...Two strangers meeting...
Faster, now...
HELL, THIS ISN'T BAD...
Slower, again...
...For an infinite moment...
I DON'T EVEN HAFTA ...
Soon...
Going in two Final directions,
...PRETEND TO...
...COME!
PERFECT!

Perfect...
HOW WAS IT? WAS I DEAD ENOUGH?
NOT EVEN A GOODNIGHT KISS?
NOW, I CAN OPEN MY EYES.

Exquisite.
...Not as sublime as our moment together, Maria... No planned event could be...
...Bobby timed the poison perfectly...
...And the deception added a certain taste...
...The infinite moment... My fluid filling her emptiness in the instant her soul escaped... Profound and subtle...
Does she even know she died?
Did you know, Maria?
BOBBY?
WHY CAN'T I OPEN MY EYES, BOBBY?
BOBBY?

Tim Lucas & Mike Hoffman's "Throat Sprockets" (*Taboo 1*) was conceived, in part, as an experiment in 'real time' comics. Our premiere issue appeared in October 1988, so the events detailed in "Transylvania Mon Amour" — the second chapter of the story— must occur roughly one year after Lucas & Hoffman left their sexually-reoriented hero obsessively staring at the nape of his wife's neck. They invite you, after reading this new story, to brood on the unspoken events which must have taken place during the twelve-month gap, and to fill that void with 'horrors' of your own description.

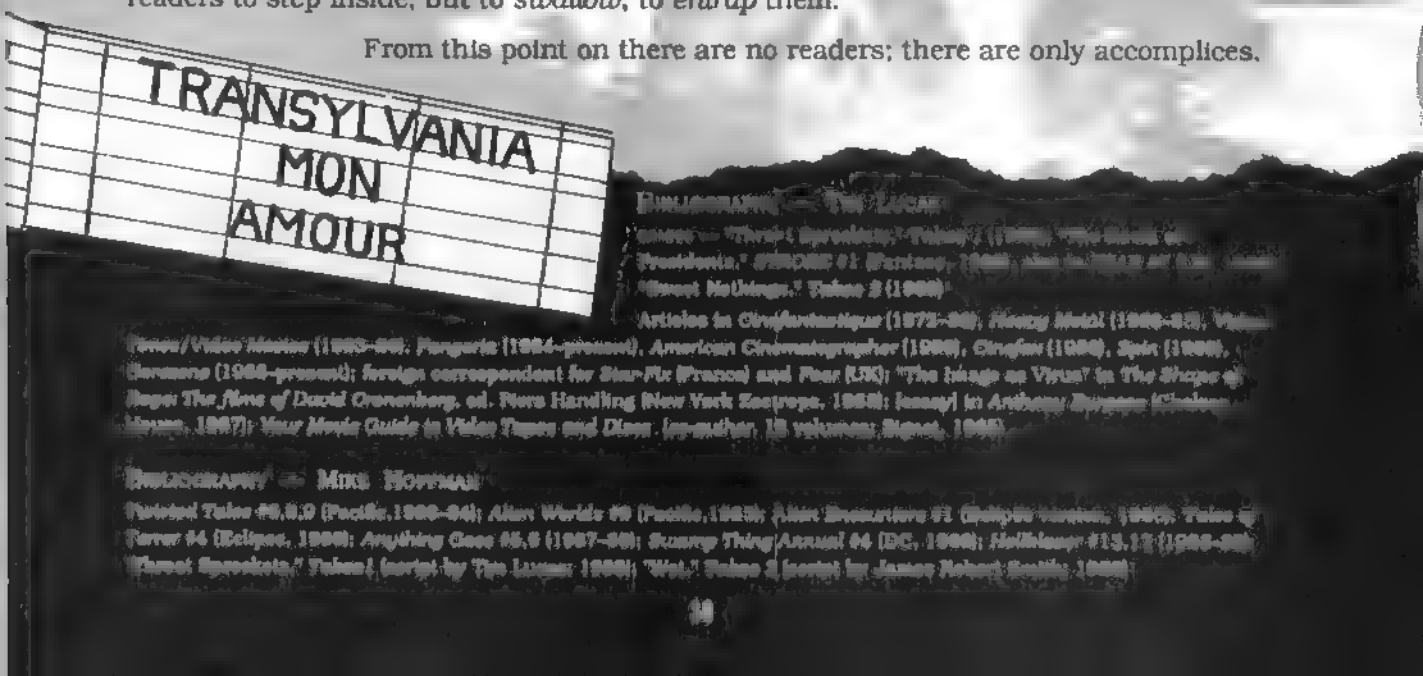
"Transylvania Mon Amour" continues to explore the themes established in "Throat Sprockets," yet it can also be read as a self-contained work which approaches those themes from different angles and presents them in different guises. According to Tim Lucas:

> I haven't found many books, films, or songs that describe infatuation, or the notion of falling in love, the way I've experienced it: as a frightening, end-of-the-world, chemical sensation that makes us think, speak and behave irrationally. One of the most accurate descriptions I've read comes from D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love* — 'They were implicated with each other in abhorrent mystery.' One of my goals was to capture in disturbing contemporary terms that vaguely unhealthy sensation of collusion and uncertainty.
>
> It's been said that, before we can love others, we must love ourselves. After seeing *'Throat Sprockets,'* our Everyman character has lost his grip on everything he thought he knew about himself. "Transylvania Mon Amour" shows what it's like for him, becoming attracted to a stranger encountered in the rubble of his own self-respect.

The crisp, photographic realism which Mike Hoffman brought to "Throat Sprockets" occasionally relaxes here into a more stylized treatment, suggesting that the look of the *'Throat Sprockets'* movie has begun to influence the look of the 'real' world. Hoffman takes us down to the story's biological level, into the hormonal reactions that foment outward change, behind the eyelids of the main characters, into the fireworks within their bloodstreams.

With this installment, Hoffman's style also broadens to encompass the widening scope of the phenomenon at the story's core: several panels dilate spatially, not to invite readers to step inside, but to *swallow*, to *entrap* them.

From this point on there are no readers; there are only accomplices.



WHAT'S WRONG?
NOTHING. SONG TAKES ME BACK, THAT'S ALL.
SHE CAME!

BLOOD IN THE STREETS, IT'S UP TO MY ANKLE...
OH, I SEE! BACK TO OTHER WOMEN?
HEE HEE HEE HEE
BLOOD IN THE STREETS, IT'S UP TO MY KNEE...
SORRY, IT'S TRUE I CAN'T STAND BEING ALONE.
BUT NEITHER CAN I STAND TAKING FIRST STEPS WITH OTHER PEOPLE
EVEN AT FIRST SIGHT...
TRANSYLVANIA MON AMOUR
BLOOD IN THE STREETS, THE TOWN OF CHICAGO...
... I'M ALREADY IN TOO DEEP.
BLOOD ON THE RISE, IT'S FOLLOWING ME.

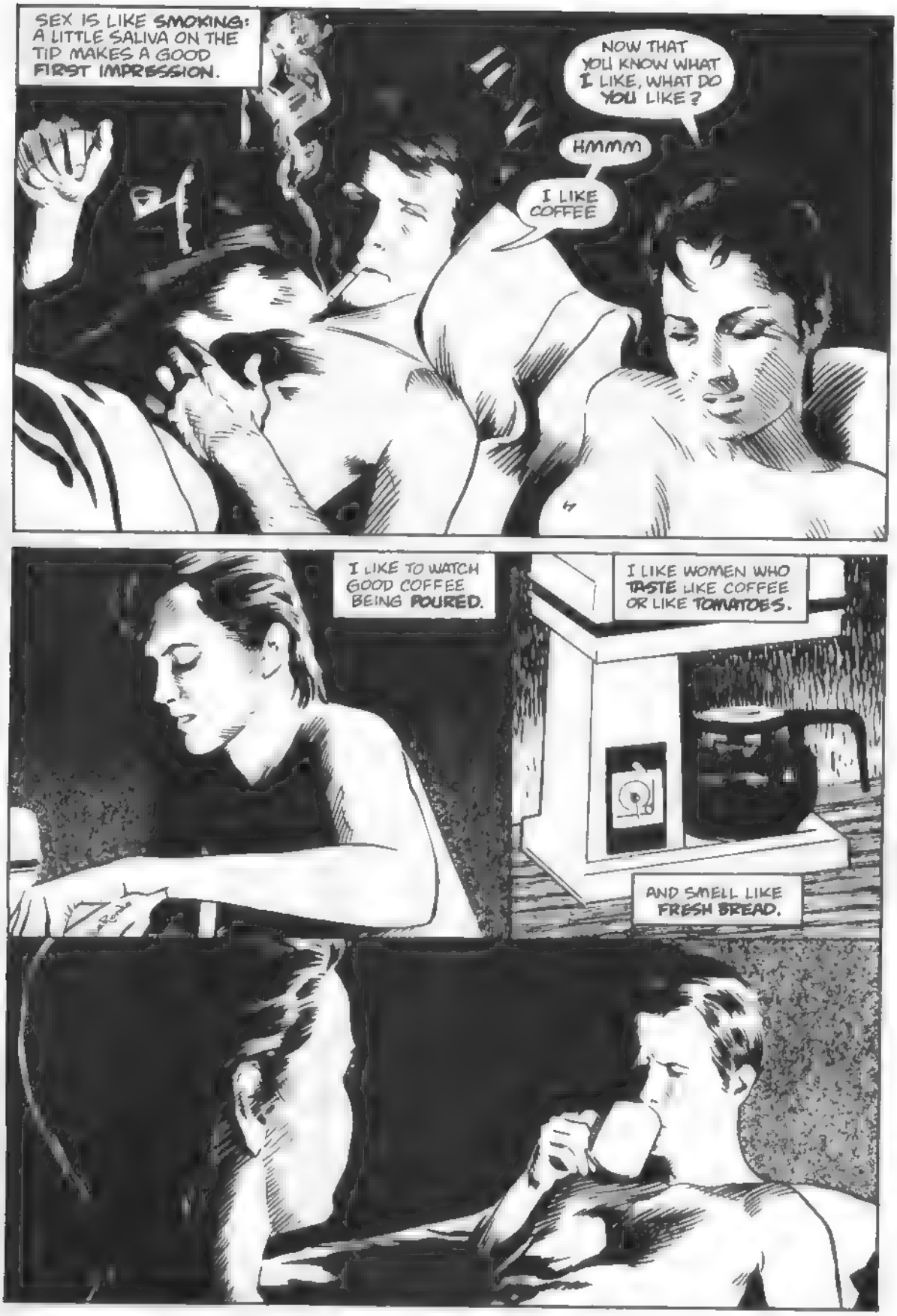
STORY:
TIM LUCAS
ART:
MIKE HOFFMAN

DO YOU REMEMBER HOW HEARTBREAKING IT COULD BE, BEING ALONE, AND HAVING TO COMMUNICATE IN A SECRET CODE OF CIGARETTES AND COFFEE ?
SMOKING SECTION, PLEASE.
The House of Cigarettes
Hot Coffee
Cigarette
OH I GET YOU
EMPTY...

SOME NIGHTS, NEED COMPELS YOU TO BRUSH AGAINST THE OTHERS IN THE TRENCHES.
PARDON ME, BUT COULD YOU SPARE A CIGARETTE ?
I BELIEVE SO...
THEY DON'T EVEN SMILE.
SO YOU ASSUME THEY AREN'T INTERESTED...
.. BUT THE TIP OF THE CIGARETTE THEY PASS YOU IN THE DARK IS WET-

SO YOU KNOW TO WAIT.
CIGARETTE ?
RESEARCH HAS PROVEN THAT NICOTINE ACTS AS A STIMULUS BARRIER. IT ALLOWS PEOPLE TO FUNCTION WITH DECEPTIVE COOL IN OVERSTIMULATED ENVIRONMENTS...
WHILE IT CALMS OUR FEARS ABOUT THE POSSIBLE CONSE-QUENCES OF HEAT.

SO WHY, THEN, DO WE ALWAYS GO FOR COFFEE?
COFFEE WITH AN INTERESTED STRANGER MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO EAT, IMPOSSIBLE TO TALK
IT NARROWS YOUR SOCIAL OPTIONS LIKE A CO-CONSPIRATOR.
"IT'S DOWN AT THE E-EDGE OF LUMLEY STREET..."
THE BELLHOP'S TEARS KEEP FLOWWW-WING...
THE DESK CLERK'S SIGH DRESSED IN BLACK...


SEX IS LIKE SMOKING: A LITTLE SALIVA ON THE TIP MAKES A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION.
NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE, WHAT DO YOU LIKE?
HMMM
I LIKE COFFEE
I LIKE TO WATCH GOOD COFFEE BEING POURED.
I LIKE WOMEN WHO TASTE LIKE COFFEE OR LIKE TOMATOES.
AND SMELL LIKE FRESH BREAD.

OW!
THAT'S HOT!
LOOK! SUSPENSE IS FOR HITCHCOCK! WE MET AT THE SAME MOVIE! I KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY WANT!
ARE YOU GONNA DO IT OR NOT?
YOUR SKIN. IT'S UNBROKEN. YOU'VE NEVER ?
NO .. BUT IT'S SOMETHING AN AMBITIOUS GIRL SHOULD HAVE IN HER REPERTOIRE.

AND YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE TO PASS OVER OPPORTUNITY BECAUSE OF INEXPERIENCE?
WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED?
OH BECAUSE SOME WOMEN HAVE EXTREMELY SENSITIVE NECKS..
OH?
TICKLISH SPOTS
TENDER PLACES NOT EVEN THEIR HUSBANDS KNOW
SO THAT IT HARDLY TAKES ANY PRESSURE AT ALL TO POP THEIR.
OOOOOOHH

MMMMMM
HEY, YOU'RE GETTING IT ALL OVER ME!
QUICK, SWALLOW!
HUH? I COULDN'T DO... THAT.
WHAT?! WHY THE HELL NOT???
YOUR BLOOD... COULD HAVE A STORY IN IT..
I KNOW MEN WHO WOULD!
AND THAT'S WHY I CAN'T!
LOOK, THOUGHTFUL!
YES! I'VE BEEN AROUND..
... BEEN AROUND ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT NOBODY...
COULDN'T WAIT TO GET IT OFF YOUR FACE, COULD YOU?
-- THAT NOBODY GETS ANYWHERE UNLESS THEY TAKE RISKS!
I PLAN TO BE ONE HELL OF A CEO SOMEDAY, AND ..

OH, BUT WHAT DO YOU CARE?
YOU'RE PROBABLY ALREADY THERE, AREN'T YOU?
SLAM!
YOU'RE AWFULLY QUIET WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT NOW?
NO ONE.
HEE HEE HEE!
SHE CAME AND THEN SHE DROVE AWAY, SUNLIGHT IN HER HAIR...
BLOOD ON THE STREETS IS A RIVER OF SADNESS.
IT WAS ALL OVER SO QUICKLY...

AHE-MMM ?
OH
L'RONDE LOOKS AFTER IT'S CUSTOMERS, SIR
THANKS

BLOOD ON THE STREETS, IT'S UP TO MY THIGH.
A RIVER OF RED DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE CITY...
NO WOMEN CRYING IN RIVERS A-WEEPING.
IMPECUNIOUSLY DETAINED
.IT WAS OVER AS QUICKLY AS ANYTHING. THESE DAYS
LOST IN THOUGHT?
HUH? NO, JUST LOST.
SO HOW WAS CHICAGO?
OLD MAN TORRENCE LOANED ME THE MODEL TO CRUISE AROUND IN
GET THE FEEL OF HER, HE SAID
JESUS, JUST BY LOOKING AT THIS, I KNOW HOW IT FEELS
THE FEEL IS THE WHOLE POINT! REMEMBER THAT OLD TIRE CAMPAIGN?
THE FINGERS COMING OUT OF THE TREADS TO GRIP THE ROAD? TACTILE ADVERTISING! THAT'S WHAT I'M AFTER!
YOU GOT IT! PEOPLE WILL SEE THIS, GO RIGHT OUT AND PAY COLD CASH!
AND THEY'LL BURN RUBBER GETTING THERE!

WHAT IS IT NOW?
OH, NOTHING. I WAS JUST THINKING OF RINGS.
RINGS?
A WOMAN CAN WEAR A RING ON ANY OF TEN FINGERS AND EACH CONFIGURATION SEEMS TO SIGNAL SOMETHING DIFFERENT.
I'M ATTACHED
I'M NOT LOOKING
I'M A WIDOW
I'M UNFAITHFUL.
I'M BROKEN-HEARTED.
IT'S ENOUGH TO KEEP ANYONE FROM SAYING HELLO.
IT'S A WORD YOU LOVERBOYS SEEM TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH
I'M LOOKING
I HAVE A LOVER.
I'M MARRIED.
I HAVE A FEMALE LOVER
I'M TROUBLE
TODAY, ALL THOSE OLD MYSTERIES CAN BE SLIMMED UP IN A SINGLE TURTLENECK.
THE MYSTERIES DON'T EVEN HAVE THE SANE COURTESY TO DISPEL IN THE SUNLIGHT.
I ORDERED IT OH, A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO?
BESS, DID WE EVER GET THAT SHIPMENT FROM AMANT AVANT VIDEO?
UNDER THE COUNTER BY YOUR STUPID ELBOW.

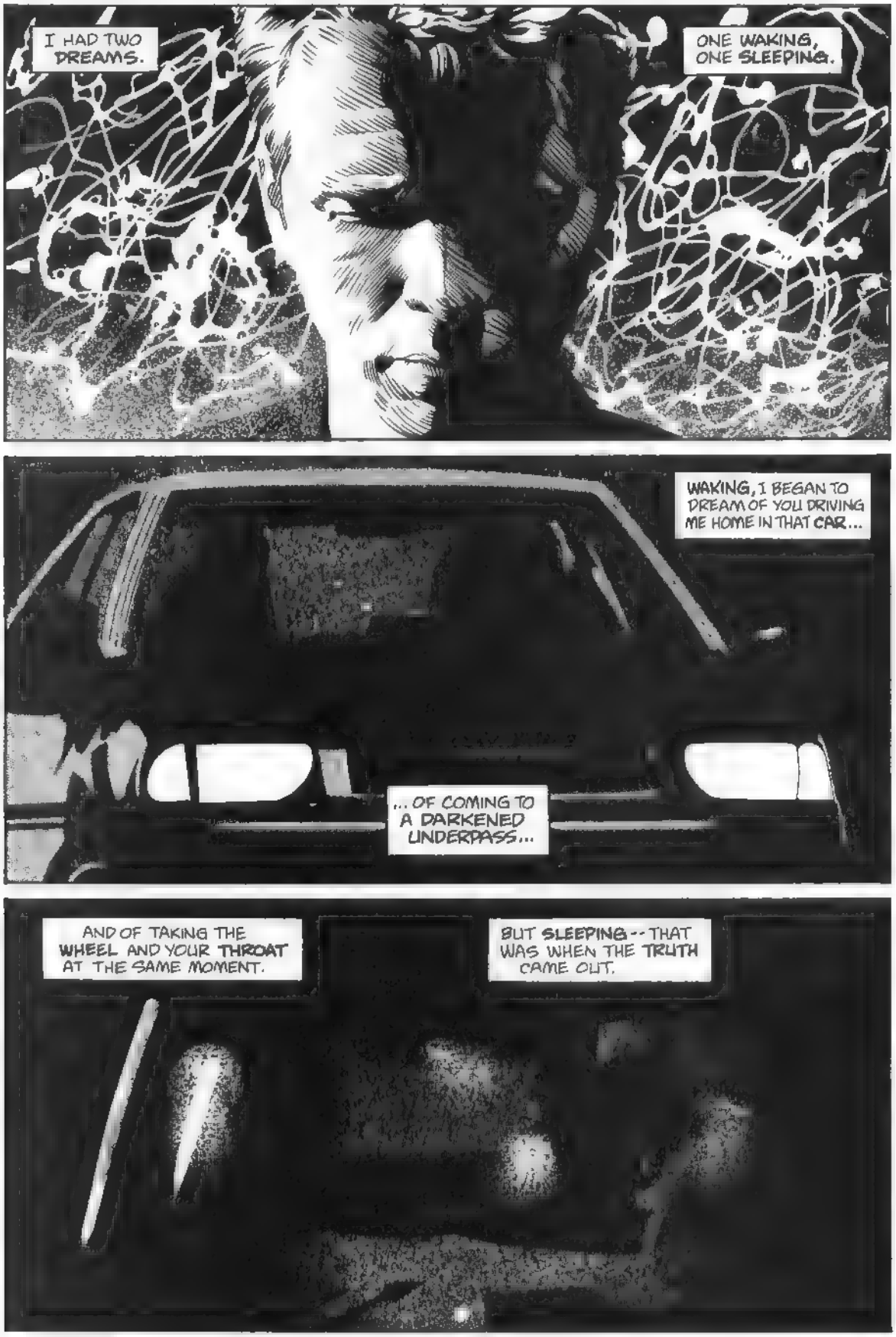
I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT ONE YET SOUNDS LIKE IT'S OUT THERE. 89 95 PLUS TAX IS . . .
PLASTIC. TO EACH HIS OWN.

YOU DON'T MEET A LOT OF PEOPLE, DOING WHAT YOU DO SO, WHEN YOU DO MEET SOMEONE, IT'S ALWAYS LIFE OR DEATH.
IT'S IMPORTANT, THE WAY WE ENCOUNTER THINGS. PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY.
IF A FRIEND INTRODUCES YOU TO A LOVER, YOUR AFFAIR CAN NEVER BUILD TO MORE THAN A FRIENDSHIP.

PERHAPS AN AFFAIR SHOULDN'T?
. . .
YEAH, WELL...

I'M CONVINCED THAT THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF MEETING HAVE EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THE QUALITY OF THE RELATIONSHIPS WE FORM
LIKE US?
YES LIKE US
MEETING YOU WAS LIKE MEETING A CHARACTER FROM MY OWN SUBCONCIOUS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE STOOD THERE LIKE THAT OUR STANCE WAS IDENTICAL
I FINALLY CROSSED MY ARMS JUST TO SEE YOU SHIFT.
YOUR THROAT WAS BARE I MEMORIZED IT IN A GLANCE.
YOU LOOKED LIKE ME.

YOU IGNORED ME AS YOU WOULD YOUR OWN SHADOW.
CONNELL, I SPILLED SOME VERMILION!
OH, AND THERE'S A CUSTOMER...
I KEPT COMING BACK FOR SUPPLIES I DIDN'T NEED. LITTLE THINGS THE AGENCY COULD HAVE SUPPLIED.
HA HA! HOW YOU MUST HAVE FANTASIZED!
I IMAGINED YOU DROVE A VERMILION TORRENT. RED SPORTSCARS BECAME AN INSTANT OBSESSION.


I HAD TWO DREAMS.
ONE WAKING, ONE SLEEPING.
WAKING, I BEGAN TO DREAM OF YOU DRIVING ME HOME IN THAT CAR...
... OF COMING TO A DARKENED UNDERPASS...
AND OF TAKING THE WHEEL AND YOUR THROAT AT THE SAME MOMENT.
BUT SLEEPING -- THAT WAS WHEN THE TRUTH CAME OUT.

IN MY DREAMS, YOU WERE EITHER JUST WALKING BY.. OR I FELT YOUR PRESENCE IN SOME ADJOINING ROOM I COULDN'T ENTER I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO APPROACH YOU OR WHAT I WANTED FROM YOU
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HAPPY. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO WANT TO TAKE THE OBJECT OF YOUR DESIRE OUT INTO THE WIDE OPEN SPACES, TO COMMUNE WITH NATURE, TO SHARE EXPERIENCES, TO FIND YOURSELVES
BUT NO.
I WILL NEVER BE CLEAN AGAIN...
I WILL NEVER BE CLEAN AGAIN...
RING
RING
GOD...
I WILL NEVER BE CLEAN AGAIN...
LOVE SUCKS.

WHAT CAN I DO... TO STOP THIS ?
THE ONLY WAY WE CAN STOP THIS.. IS TO START IT.
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.

SOMEDAY, SOMEBODY SHOULD WRITE A STUDY OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE BEDROOM. YOU MEET A WOMAN -- YOU TALK. OR, MORE PRECISELY, YOU CRAM.
I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT WAY, BASED ON THAT AND OTHER FORMATIVE EXPERIENCES. IT TOOK TEACHING TWO YEARS AT ANDOVER TO FINALLY CHANGE MY MIND.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, COZ WHEN I WAS ROOMING WITH JANE, AFTER MY MONEY RAN OUT FOR UCLA AND I HAD TO GO BACK TO...
YOU ADD UP YOUR AGREEMENTS, DISAGREEMENTS AND, OF COURSE, THE WEIGHT OF THOSE FURTIVE GLANCES. YOU LOOK AT THE SUMS. THEN THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DISCUSS. EITHER YOU DO OR YOU DON'T.

LOVE IS MADE FOR THE FIRST TIME DESPERATELY, WITH AN APOLOGY FOR HOW QUICK IT'S BOUND TO BE, FOLLOWED BY AN URGENT, TOTAL SILENCE.
IT'S OVER TOO QUICKLY FOR DEEP SECRETS TO BE REVEALED.
FOR AWHILE, YOU MAY PROTECT YOUR TRUE SELF AND ITS SECRETS BEHIND CARTOONISH SCENARIOS AND ACCENTS
VAT DO YOU TINK YOU ARE DOINK, BORIS?
MOOSING YOUR SQUIRREL, VAT ELSE, NATASHA?
BUT TRUTHS MUST SOMETIME BE CONFRONTED...
I... LOVE YOU
WHERE THERE ARE NO WORDS, JUST THE GUSHING SPRINGS OF TRUTH...

. LIFE . .
THWWWKKK!
UHMMMHHH . . .
. AND OBLIVION .

THEN COMES THE TRUE LANGUAGE, THOSE GURGLING, PREVERBAL GOO-GOOS OF THE HEART, RESERVED FOR THE EAR OF THAT ONE SIGNIFICANT OTHER.
SO YOU LIKE MY RED CORPSE SUCKLES..?
AND YOUR WHITE CORPSE SUCKLES
THE WAY IN.

NOW THAT I'D FOUND YOU, I REMINDED MYSELF, I'D HAVE TO LEAVE YOU.
FAITH, SEX, MYSTERY
I WAS SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE IN WASHINGTON D.C. TOMORROW AT 8.35 PM TO MAKE A PRESENTATION THE FOLLOWING DAY TO TORRENCE AND HIS BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
I PICTURED TOMORROW EVENING...

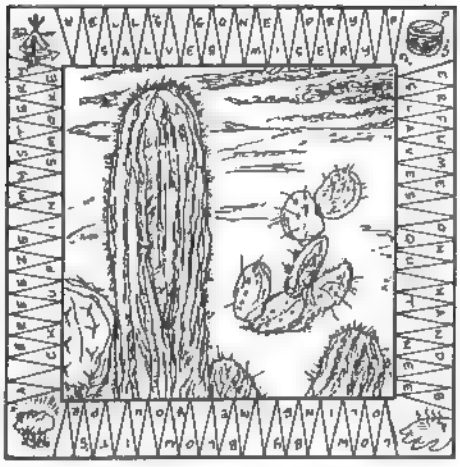
...AS IT TURNED OUT--IMPRECISELY.
I'LL GIVE YOU THE GRAND TOUR, SINCE IT'S YOUR FIRST TRIP HERE, MISTER.
GOOD ENOUGH.
AFTER ALL, HE WAS THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY.
AND THIS IS EMBASSY ROW.
Billboard
I FIGURED YOU WAS TOO SHY TO ASK, SO...
Throat Sprockets
3 Nation

HERE IS WHERE ALL THE HOOKERS HANG OUT. YOU'RE ALLOWED TO APPROACH THEM BUT THEY AIN'T ALLOWED TO APPROACH YOU.
Stardust Lo
GOD, THEY ALL LOOK SO YOUNG...
NO! YOU DON'T WANT THAT TRASH! I MEAN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET, ON MY SIDE OF THE CAB!
WHAT, YOU'RE SAYING THOSE AREN'T HOOKERS?
THOSE ARE CHOKERS, PAL. YOU DON'T WANT THAT TRASH!

I DON'T WANT ANY OF THEM! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CHOKERS?
THEY WEAR CHOKERS ON THEIR NECKS, MAN! TO HIDE THE MARKS! THERE'S ENOUGH SICK ASSHOLES OUT THERE TO MAKE BEING A WALKING BLOOD BANK WORTH THEIR WHILE! THEY TELL ME IT'S SAFER THAN SEX THESE DAYS!
BUT... WHAT ABOUT AIDS? AREN'T THEIR JOHNS AFRAID TO...?
YOU SEE ANYONE IN THAT CATTLECALL OLDER THAN 17? GODDAMN RUNAWAYS, MOST OF 'EM! VIRGIN BLOOD. OR SO THEY SAY.
JUST MY FUCKING LUCK!
WHAT?
WELCOME TO THE LONGEST RED LIGHT IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA!
CHECKER & YELLOW
315
THXI738
315

YOU CAN'T FOOL US!
NO NO NO! WE SAW YOU LOOKING!
I'M TYPE A POSITIVE. THAT MEANS I'M RARE, ASSHOLE!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY COULDN'T APPROACH US!
BLOOD'LL BE BORN IN THE BIRTH OF A NATION...
I SAID, HOOKERS CAN'T!
BLOOD IS THE ROSE OF MYSTERIOUS UNION...
BLOOD ON THE STREETS, IT'S UP TO MY ANKLE...
HANG ON, BUDDY!

Yellow
BLOOD ON THE RISE, IT'S FOLLOWING ME ...

CACTUS  WATER

Rick Grimes' utterly bizarre comic universe must be experienced first hand — there is no way to describe it adequately. Those of us who know Rick or who have encountered his work in *Dr. Wirtham's Comix and Stories* or *Taboo 2*, have already had the pleasure, and always look forward to his next creation.

Grimes usually avoids any discussion or analysis of his work, but for "Cactus Water" he has provided a few words of explanation. Many of Rick's stories exist in disjointed (but linear) time and place, a deliberately 'broken time' that, Rick says, "makes a story vulnerable to misperception":

> . . . This approach is not just a disgruntled attempt to confuse readers or make a 'show' of indecision itself. Instead, it comes of a simpler stream. . . .
>
> "Cactus Water" might seem to report or feign a dream. None of it was dreamed, [although] dreams and having had them may be its guiding force. . . . [B]y now some of these techniques are familiar enough to me (through developing projects unseen as yet by others*) that there was no particular strain involved or any desire to 'fake it'. Just a chain of reveries, compounded without forcing *all* logic on them, or cropping *all* extrusions into line."

Typical of Grimes' invented realities, "Cactus Water" is ". . . an exercise in how pleasure is often lost [or] strangled in waves of pain." Of his lead character's disturbing predicaments, Grimes says:

> . . . Maybe his behavior demonstrates a form of survival in [the] raw, unreliable world . . . [of] this story's confines (but implying a Broader Flood of which he and his plagues are only part). Shorn of any grounded identity, he bobs . . . [between the] most memorable or knowable or comforting . . . moments of any crisis. . . . [All] pleasures [are sloughed off] as each new moment degrades them further.
>
> Perhaps more revealing are the many elements of masochism versus a mysterious and higher tendency to disassemble and dissolve all self-contempt. In any case, "Cactus Water" is more than a random, tossed-off display or a spasmodic, centerless croaking.

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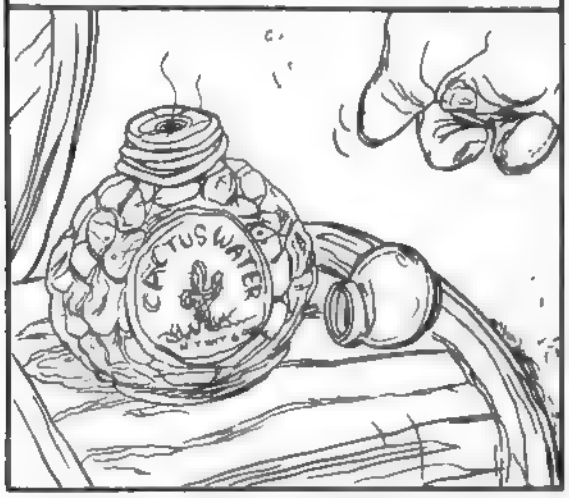
* Among Rick's 'developing projects' is the upcoming 32-page comicbook, *Goozle Kommix*, available from SpiderBaby Grafix and Publications

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Journal of Popular Culture #1 (Jack Venocker,1977); Third Rail #1 (1981); "Full Panther" backup series in *The One* #1-6 (Marvel, July 1985–May 1986); *Dr. Wirtham's Comix and Stories* #7/8, 9/10 (Cliff Nast, 1986–88); *Taboo* 2 (1990)

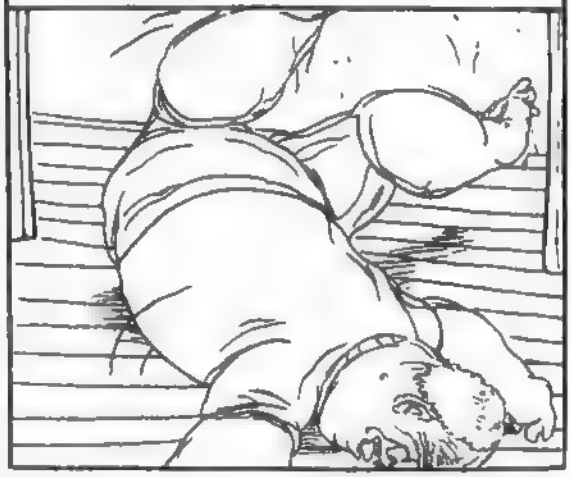
THE ONLY SCENT REMAINING WAS RESIDUE. HE KEPT IT FILLED WITH



TAPWATER, SURPRISING HIMSELF PERIODICALLY WITH FRENETIC SPLASHES + MORONIC SHOUTS.

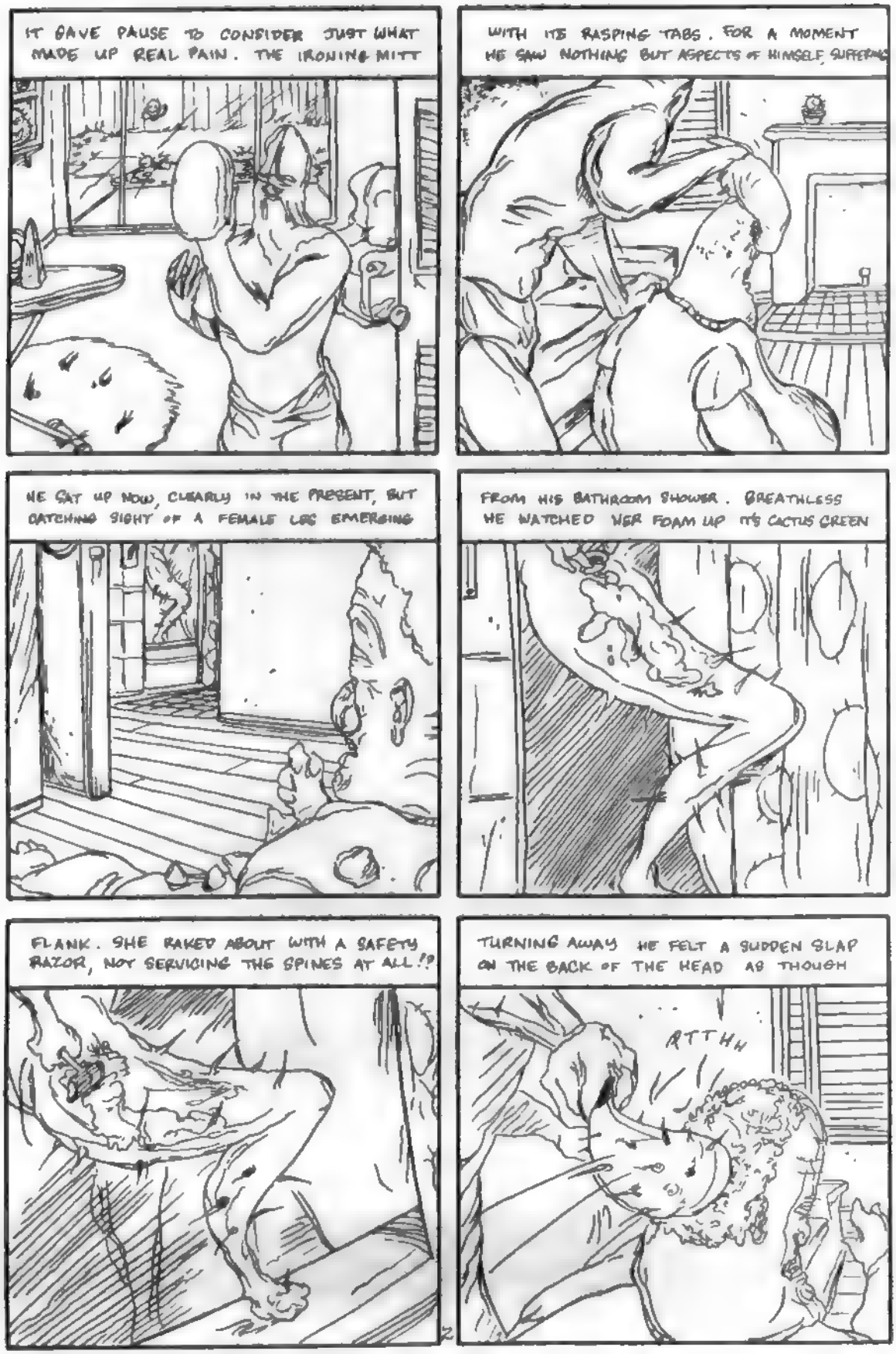
"MY EYES! MY EYES!" HE CRIED. THEN LETTING THE DROPS DOUBLE FOR TEARS

AS THOUGH INDUSTRIAL PERFUME BURNED HIS EYELIDS + CORNEAS, HE ROLLED

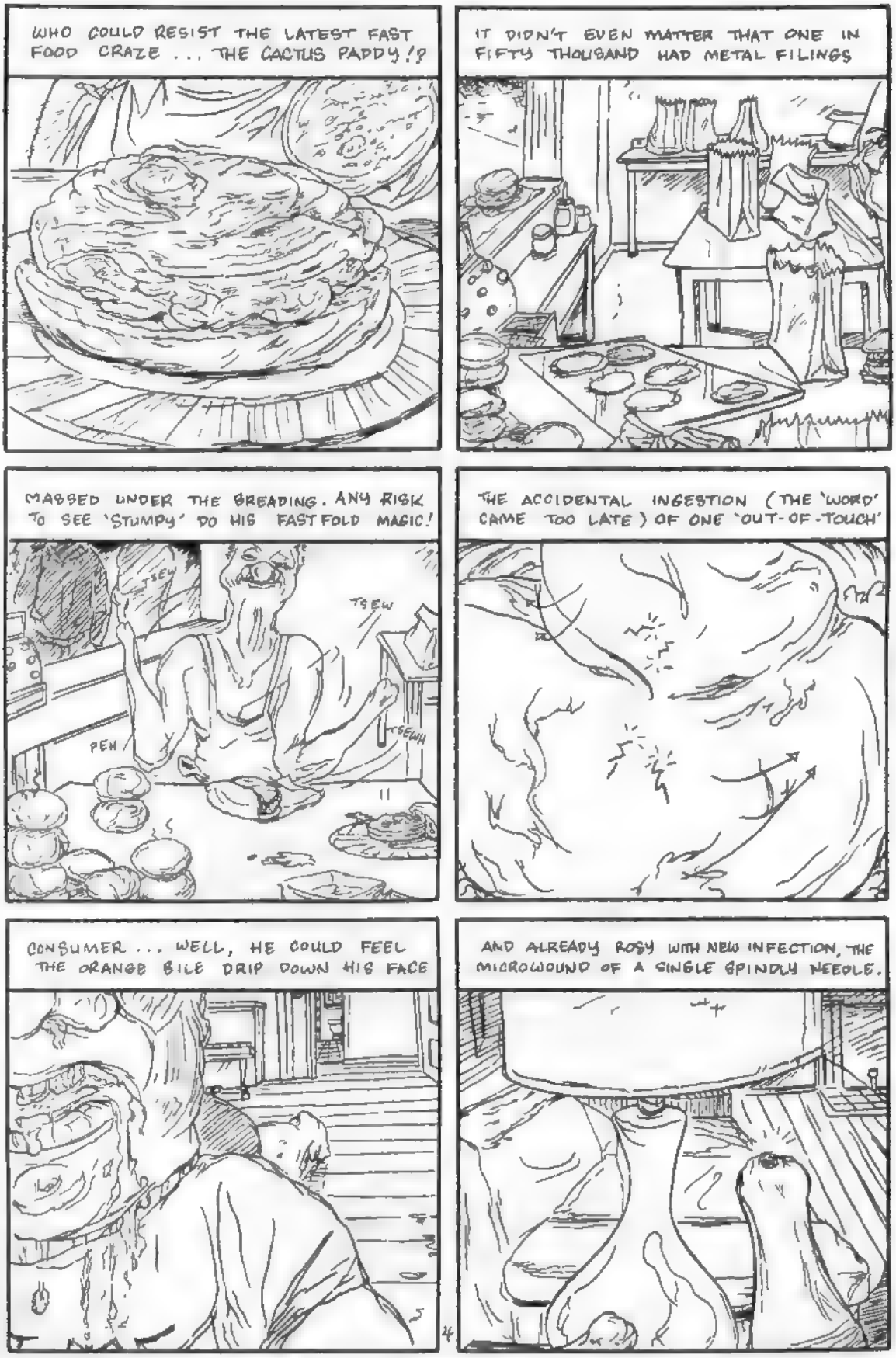


ABOUT ON THE FLOOR, DERVISHLIKE, 'TIL BORED, HE REMEMBERS HIS RUBBER

CLEATED VEST + SHORTS, AND THE CONSOLATION IT GAVE TO DRAG ALONG IN IT.


IT GAVE PAUSE TO CONSIDER JUST WHAT MADE UP REAL PAIN. THE IRONING MITT
WITH ITS RASPING TABS. FOR A MOMENT HE SAW NOTHING BUT ASPECTS OF HIMSELF SUFFERING
HE SAT UP NOW, CLEARLY IN THE PRESENT, BUT CATCHING SIGHT OF A FEMALE LEG EMERGING
FROM HIS BATHROOM SHOWER. BREATHLESS HE WATCHED HER FOAM UP IT'S CACTUS GREEN
FLANK. SHE RAKED ABOUT WITH A SAFETY RAZOR, NOT SERVICING THE SPINES AT ALL!?
TURNING AWAY HE FELT A SUDDEN SLAP ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD AS THOUGH
RTTHH

SIMULTANEOUSLY, HE WERE SOMEONE ELSE RECEIVING PUNISHMENT FOR NO REASON
AT ALL. THE HANDS THAT LEAPT SO AUTOMATICALLY TO TOUCH THE PATCH OF
NEEDLES ALREADY THROBBED WITH SORES. NATURALLY, AMPUTATIONS FOLLOWED.
AS THOUGH BY A WILL OF THEIR OWN A STEADY SERIES OF HEAPS PULLED
INTO THE BLACKTOPPED FIELD, STOPPING ONE AFTER ANOTHER AT THE TARBUMPED
INCLINE. FAULTY FUZZY DICE WAVERED. THE MIRROR ALREADY VOYEURISTICALLY TURNED


WHO COULD RESIST THE LATEST FAST FOOD CRAZE ... THE CACTUS PADDY!?
IT DIDN'T EVEN MATTER THAT ONE IN FIFTY THOUSAND HAD METAL FILINGS
MASSED UNDER THE BREADING. ANY RISK TO SEE 'STUMPY' DO HIS FAST FOLD MAGIC!
TSEW
TSEW
TSEWH
PEH
THE ACCIDENTAL INGESTION (THE 'WORD' CAME TOO LATE) OF ONE 'OUT-OF-TOUCH'
CONSUMER ... WELL, HE COULD FEEL THE ORANGE BILE DRIP DOWN HIS FACE
AND ALREADY ROSY WITH NEW INFECTION, THE MICROWOUND OF A SINGLE SPINDLY NEEDLE.

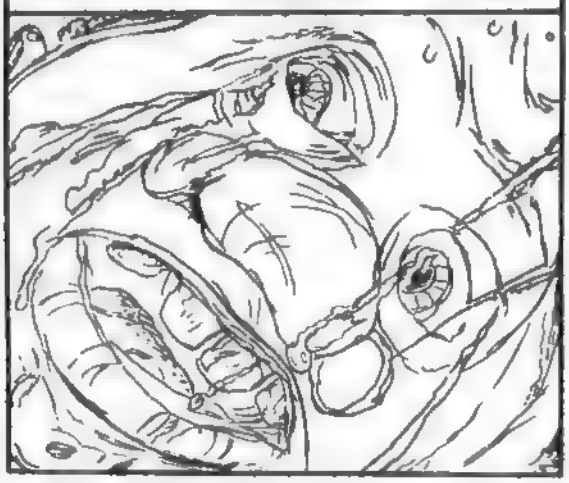
CACTUS WATER (2)

HE LAY SILENT, IN HIS CLEATED TOGS, HEAD EXTENDED OVER THE FLOOR, COZY IN THE

ANGLE OF WALL AND + PIANO. CONCLUDING A MOMENT'S GLEE, HE GLANCES DOWN. BLOOD DROPS!

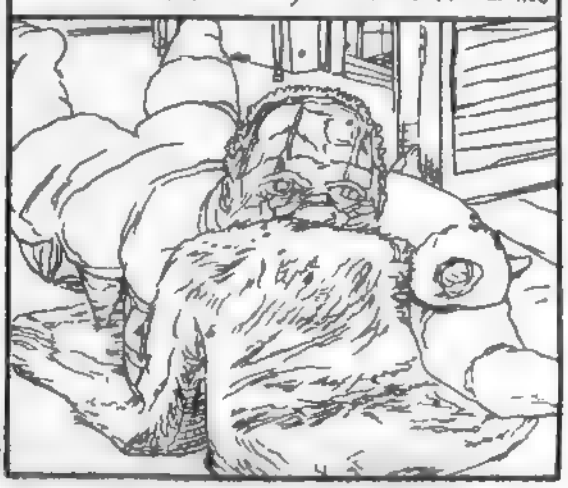
HIS!? PUSHING AWAY LIKE A STUNNED TURTLE HIS STUBBY FINGERS SEEK OUT THE DAMAGE.

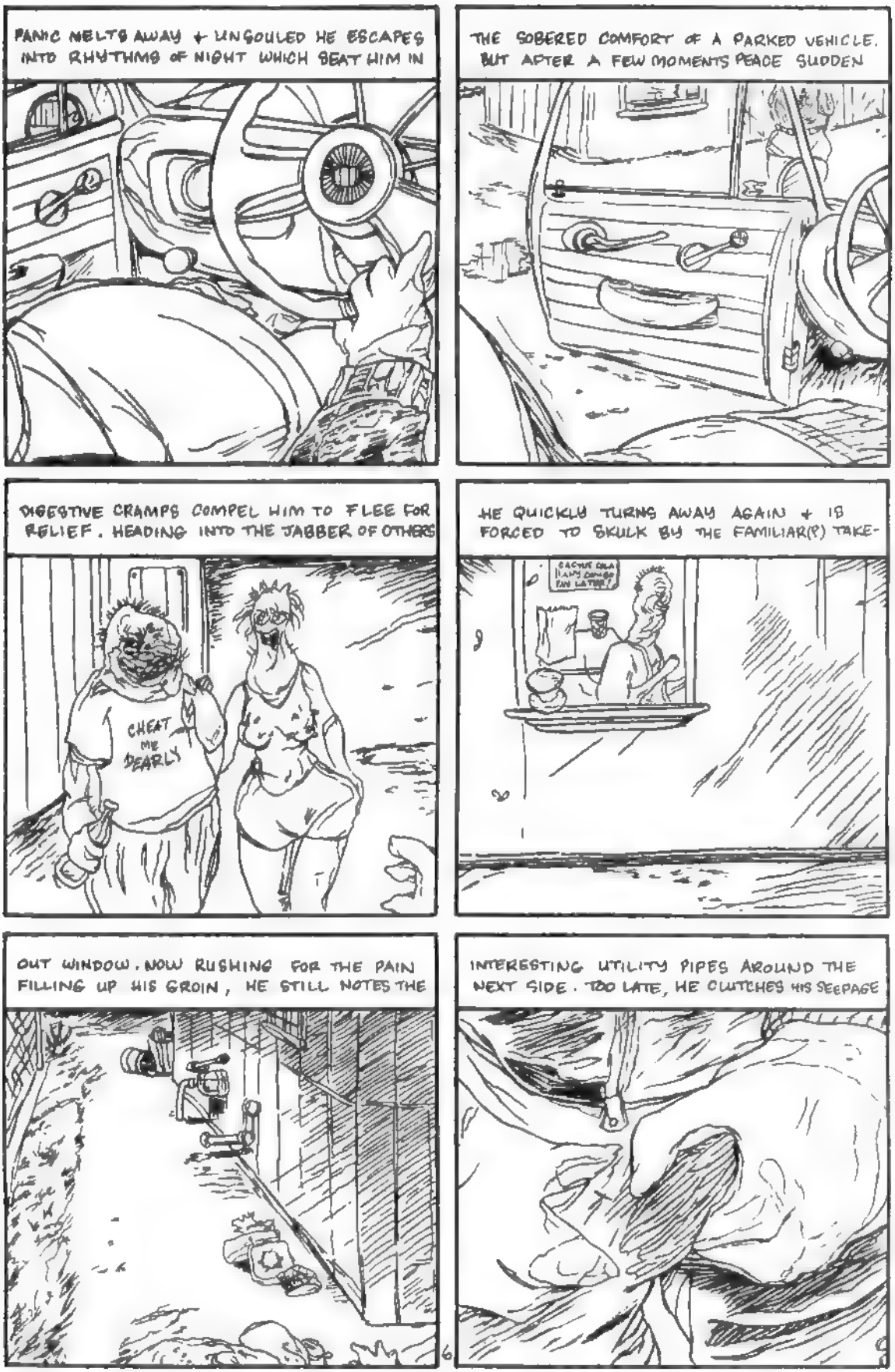
LONG CUTS SLUICE DOWN HIS FACE. FLESH THREATENING TO PULL APART IN SHEAVES.

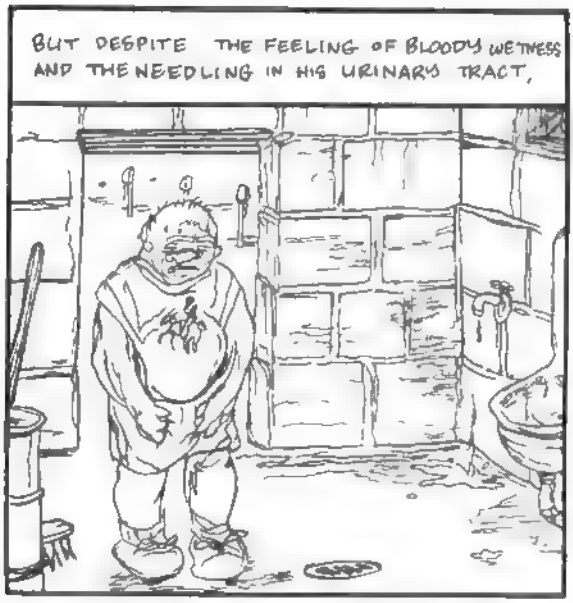


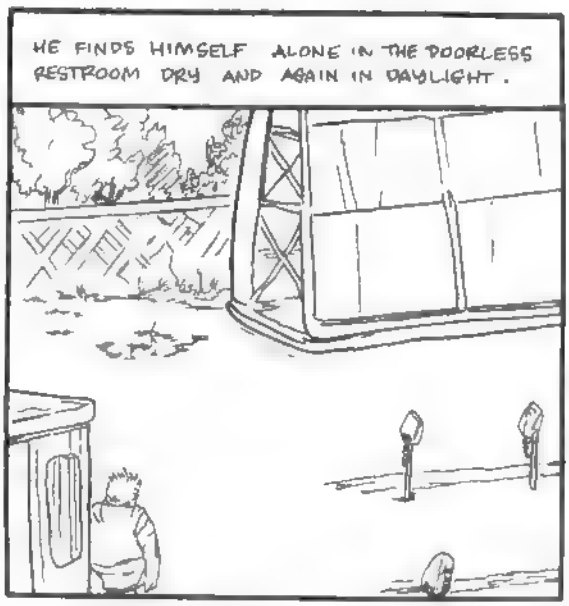
SUDDENLY UNWILLING TO PROBE FURTHER, HE SPIES AN ARMED FIGURE EMERGING FROM

THE SHOWER. A CRAWLING FLIGHT GAINS ONLY A BATHERED UP RUG, ITS SOFT DOOR CALMING




PANIC MELTS AWAY + UNSOULED HE ESCAPES INTO RHYTHMS OF NIGHT WHICH BEAT HIM IN
THE SOBERED COMFORT OF A PARKED VEHICLE. BUT AFTER A FEW MOMENTS PEACE SUDDEN
DIGESTIVE CRAMPS COMPEL HIM TO FLEE FOR RELIEF. HEADING INTO THE JABBER OF OTHERS
CHEAT ME DEARLY
HE QUICKLY TURNS AWAY AGAIN + IS FORCED TO SKULK BY THE FAMILIAR(?) TAKE-
OUT WINDOW. NOW RUSHING FOR THE PAIN FILLING UP HIS GROIN, HE STILL NOTES THE
INTERESTING UTILITY PIPES AROUND THE NEXT SIDE. TOO LATE, HE CLUTCHES HIS SEEPAGE


BUT DESPITE THE FEELING OF BLOODY WETNESS AND THE NEEDLING IN HIS URINARY TRACT,


HE FINDS HIMSELF ALONE IN THE DOORLESS RESTROOM DRY AND AGAIN IN DAYLIGHT.

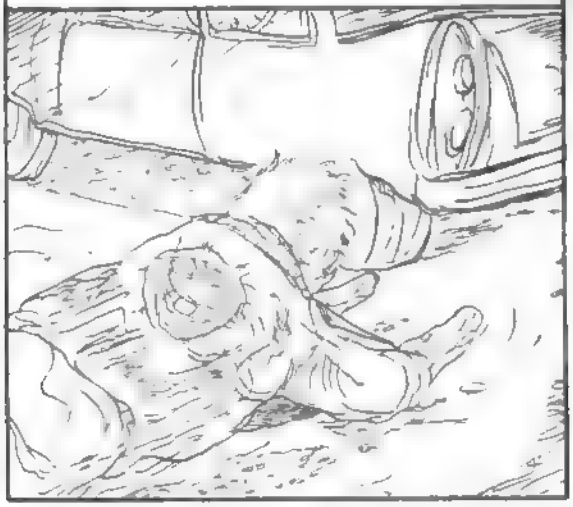
HE HAD BEEN SURE THIS WAS NO DRIVE-IN BUT THERE WAS THE SCREEN. AND WHICH

CAR WAS HIS? HE COULD RECALL LEAVING HIS DOOR OPEN JUST SO AS NOT TO FUMBLE

NOW WITH HIS ALREADY PUT UPON STUMPS. HOPELESS! HE BARELY NOTICED THE DUSK
ONLY SIXTY
SHOWING

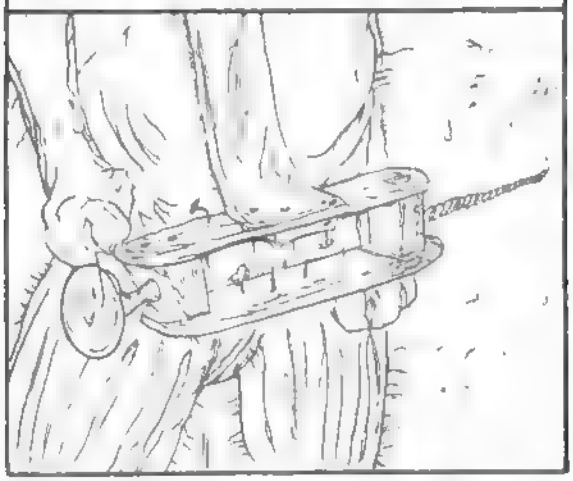
PASS AWAY AS THE SCREEN CAME 'ON' AND WARNED OF A SNIPER! HE HITS THE TARMAC
LAST CALL!
ENJOY
KFRUNCH

HE BEGINS A 'MAD-DASH TO-SAFETY' BUT SOON CATCHES SIGHT OF THE SCREEN REFLECTED IN A

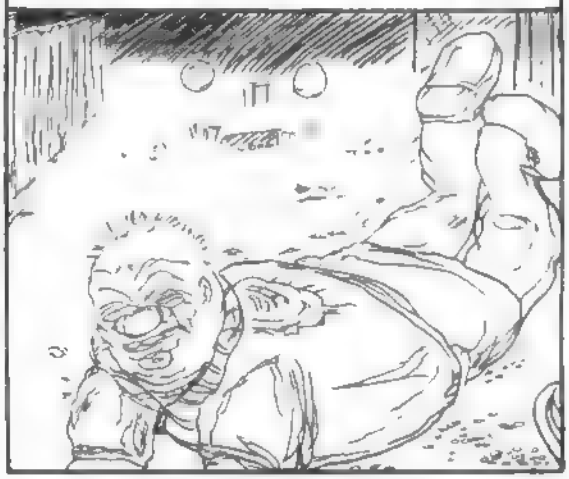


CLOSED CAR WINDOW. SOMEHOW HE'D CONFUSED THE FRIENDLY ANXIETY OF THE PRE-MOVIE CLOCK

ANNOUNCER FOR HUSTERICAL ALARM AMUSED HE LAY IN THE POKEY GRAVEL HALF COZY 'TIL

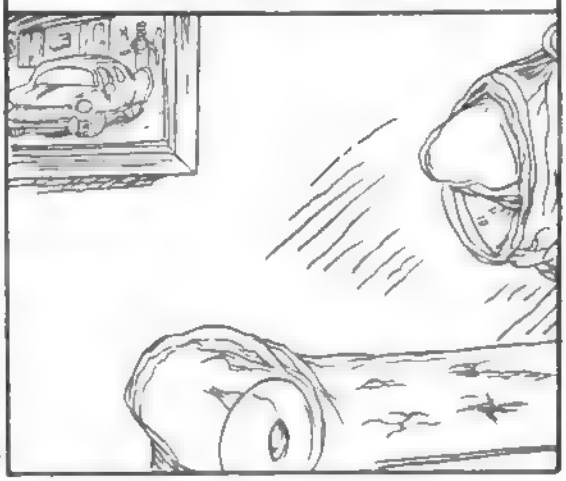


A FLASH OF REMOTE FORGOTTEN MENACE BURNS AWAY HIS SELF ASSURANCE. HE GROPES FOR



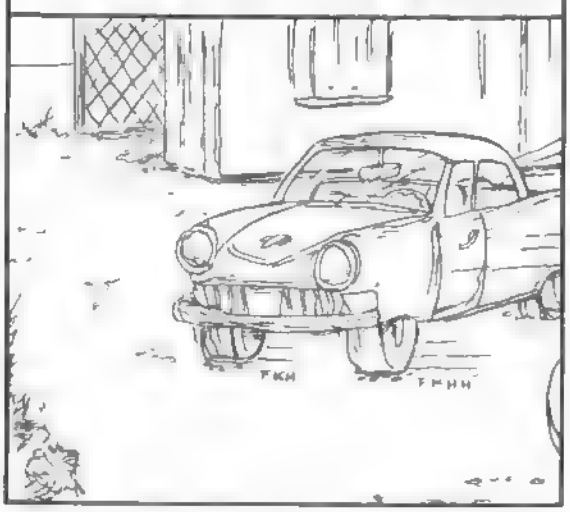
THE WISP OF SOME LOST FIXATION AS HIS RELIEF SINKS AWAY. HE NEVER EVEN SAW

THE *BLACK* SEDAN THRASH HIM IN ITS WHEELS. NEEDLES TO SAY, AMPUTATIONS SOON FOLLOWED

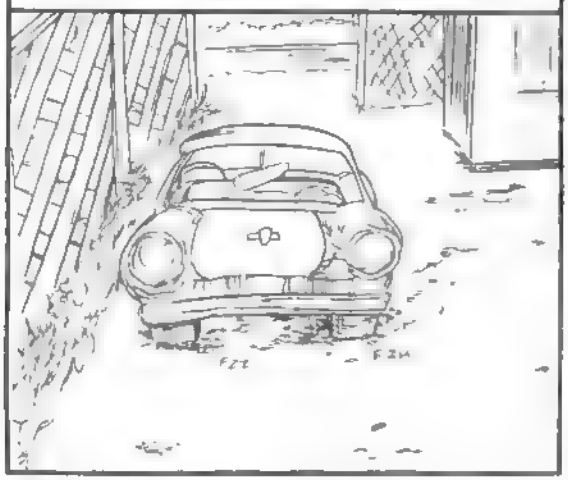


STUMPING ALONG HAPPILY LAND LUSTY AND LIGHT LIQUORED, FLEEING NOTHING PARTICULAR

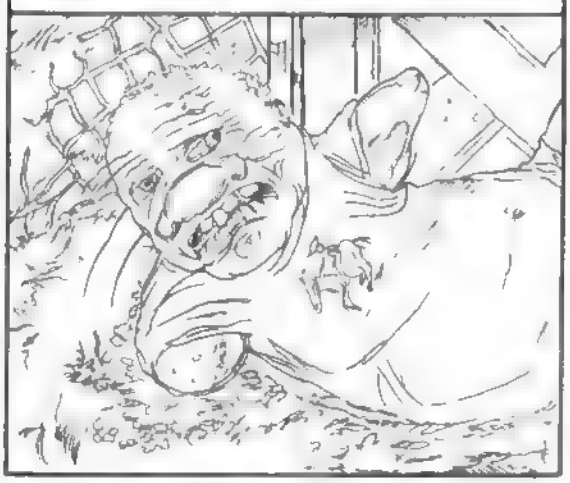
A PALE GREEN HEAP ITS ENGINE IMPERCEPTIBLE SIDLES INTO THE PULL OUT LANE ITS TIRES STILL



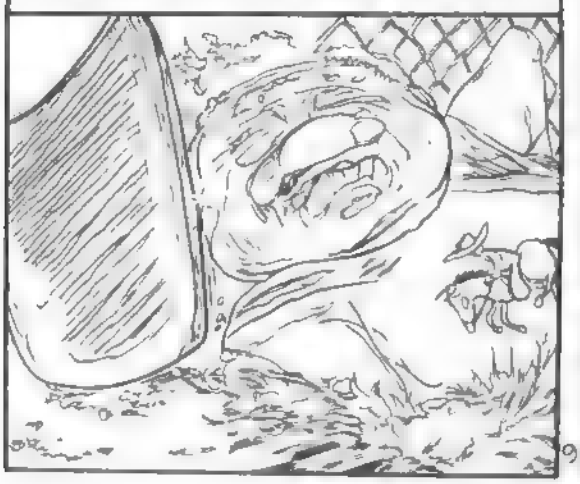
BUZZING FORWARD IN AN UNBROKEN FLOW TS POSITION PARALLELS THE FENCE AS IT



PROCEEDS THIS TIME KARACKTAKUS IS ALERT ROLLING OVER INTO A GRASSY TROUGH



BUT THE NEAR SOUNDLESS, FUZZY WHIR OF THE RIGHT FRONT TIRE GRAZES HIS SKIN.



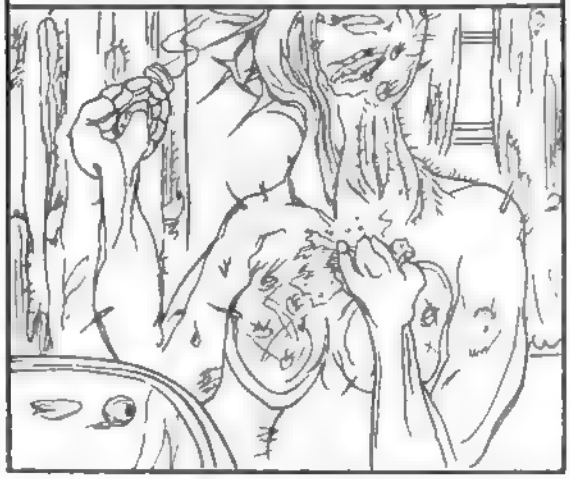
IN FACT JUST OUT OF REACH OF ANY ABRASURES + CONTRARY TO FORWARD SPIN HE TORPEDOES BACKWARD

SNAGGED & BLEEDING HE CAN ONLY WATCH WITH BATED MOVEMENT AS FAMILIAR FIGURES GATHER AROUND.

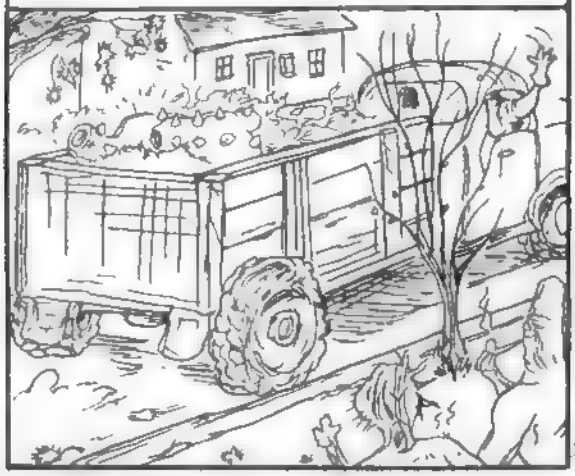
TOGETHER THEY LIFT A WEEKS-LADEN TRASH CAN & REPEATEDLY MASH HIS HEAD WITH ITS

HEAVY, LIPPED BOTTOM. THEN, WORDLESSLY, THEY DUMP ITS WASTEPAPER & CACTUS RINDS.

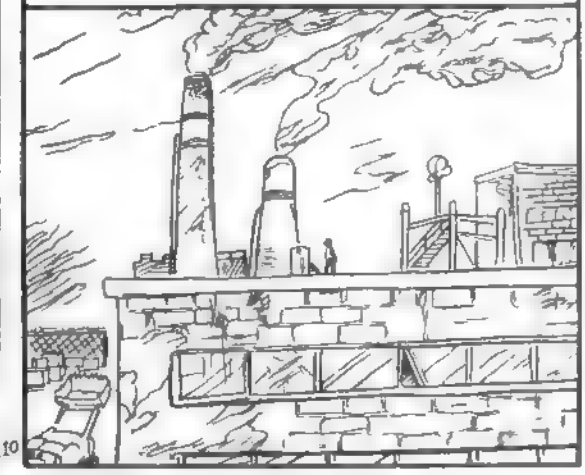
THERE WOULD BE NO GOING HOME NOW. OTHERS ENJOYED HIS POWERFUL PERFUME



THE STING OF IT ON PEELED FRUIT FLESH THE GARBAGE MEN CAME NEXT DAY OR SO.



AND ACROSS TOWN, AMONG OTHER MOTLEY ODORS, WAFTED A RUBBER REDOLENT OF LOST TOYS



LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON was written by Rolf Stark and Marlene Stevens, who live, work, and raise their child Rachel in upper New York State. It is a heartfelt and harrowing tale, dealing not only with the Nazi concentration camps and their legacy of blood, tears, and death, but also with the cruelty of rape. We offer you, without apologies, this portrait of extreme violation and degradation of the human body and spirit . . . *and* the toll it may exact on the violators (and their families).

This story is Marlene Stevens' second venture into the medium of comics; her first story, "Karma," was also co-written with husband Rolf, and appeared in *Gore Shriek* #4 (Fantaco, 1988). Her input and polish is especially telling here, not only for the strong characterization of the female prisoner and her plight, but also for the precision and clarity of storytelling she lends to Rolf's distinctive, obsessive vision. Stark's is a powerfully driven visual imagery; Stevens adds a sharp narrative focus.

Rolf's harrowing series of pastel paintings (e.g., *Taboo 1* back cover, inside this issue's front cover) dealing with the concentration camps is among his most potent and haunting work. The atrocities may be familiar, echoing countless World War II newsreels and photographs, but his use of vivid color renders these horrors immediate, without the comforting distance of time and place the black and white testimonies allow.

This statement was read during the exhibition of three of Rolf's paintings at New York's Temple Israel in 1987:

Rolf Stark was born in Germany in 1939, at the beginning of the Second World War. His brother, although German, was arrested for political/religious reasons, shipped to various concentration camps, and ended up at Sachsenhausen. There he was executed by hanging in October, 1944. He had been arrested at 17 and died at 18 for his uncompromising stand against Adolf Hitler.

Over the years, Mr. Stark has been frustrated by the repeated question, "Did the Holocaust really happen?" Recently, he has been disturbed to see the election of [Kurt] Waldheim to the Presidency of Austria, and the appearance of the sons of [Josef] Mengele and Waldheim on American talk shows. The former stated he would have never turned his father in, no matter *what* he had done; the latter defended his father. . . . [T]hese recent events compelled Mr. Stark to create a series of paintings on the horrors of the Holocaust.

The paintings in this series are simultaneously moving and frightening They remind us of our frailty as humans, and the depth of cruelty humans are capable of perpetrating against each other. At the same time, they allow us to see beyond the numbers to the individual sufferers.

Through this series of paintings, Mr. Stark has attempted to demonstrate the dignity, strength, and heroism of the victims . . . [and] to communicate the enormity of their suffering.

These paintings are dedicated to the memory of his brother, Jonathan, and to the millions of Jewish and non-Jewish victims who perished in the crematoriums of the N. S. D. A. P., otherwise known as the Nazi party.

This story is also respectfully dedicated to their memory.

EXHIBITIONS AND CREDITS — ROLF H. STARK:

Paintings — Trinity United Methodist Church, Albany, New York (1984); North Star Book Store Gallery, Albany, New York (1978); Life Gallery, Oneonta, New York (1978); Altiplano Art Gallery, Albany, New York; Church House Gallery, Provincetown, Massachusetts (1974); Empire State College, Albany, New York (1979); Temple Israel, Albany, New York (1987). Sculpture — exhibitions in New York state (1975–1978); Altiplano Art Gallery, Albany, New York (1974); A Touch of Whimsey, New York City. Interiors by Roberta Sterling, New York City, The Soft Touch Gallery, Burlington, Vermont (1978). Comics — stories in *Gore Shriek* #3, 4, & 5½ (Fantaco, 1988–present); *Gore Shriek Deluxe* (also covers, Fantaco, 1988); back cover of *Taboo 1* (1988).

GOD I LOOK TERRIBLE!
IT'S THIS GOD AWFUL JOB IT'S GETTING TO ME
I JUST KNOW IT
I'VE GOT TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER.
THIS WILL NEVER DO
I CAN'T ALLOW MYSELF TO GET SOFT YEAH, SHAPE UP THERE MUELLER, IT'S YOUR ASS!
THAT'S IT I'M TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF
YEAH!
NO MORE MISTER NICE GUY. THAT'S FOR SURE!

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON ····

GOOD MORNING EVERYBODY
MORNING DAD
GOOD MORNING DARLING
GOOD MORNING DADDY
DID YOU GET ENOUGH SLEEP? I NOTICED YOU HAD ANOTHER LATE NIGHT.
WELL, WE HAD AN EXTRA TRAIN COME, IT WAS A NIGHTMARE.
LOOK, I MADE YOU A NICE, HOT BREAKFAST. IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
YEAH DAD, EAT SOMETHING. OUR TEACHER SAID THAT IF YOU HAVE A GOOD BREAKFAST YOU'LL FEEL GREAT THE REST OF THE DAY.
JUST SEEING ALL OF YOU IN THE MORNING IS ALL I NEED THANKS FOR THE BREAKFAST, DARLING.
WELL CHILDREN, BE GOOD, LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER AND REMEMBER, STUDY! O.K.? I WILL SEE YOU ALL TONIGHT.

NOW CHILDREN BE SURE TO DRY THEM PROPERLY I DON'T WANT WET D'SHES IN THE CUPBOARD
SURE MOM, WE KNOW, WE KNOW
MOMMY WHY DOES DADDY HAVE TO GO TO WORK SO EARLY? ISN'T HE THE COMMANDER NOW? CAN'T HE GO WHEN HE FEELS LIKE IT?
WORK IS WORK DEAR, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE IN CHARGE NOW GO HUSH, AND DRY THE D'SHES
YEAH SIS, STOP COMPLAINING ALL THE TIME
RING
RING
RING
NOW LET'S NOT FIGHT CHILDREN
ONE MINUTE ELSA
HAVE YOU GOT YOUR LUNCHES?
YES WE'VE GOT THEM BYE MOM
BYE!
NO TALKING TO PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL, HEAR ME?
OK!
BYE!
"ELSA? YES ANOTHER LATE NIGHT
'ONE WOULD THINK THAT WITH ALL THE WORK HE'S DONE THEY'D GIVE HIM SOME TIME OFF
IT'S DAY AND NIGHT ."

"IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, THEY CALL HIM. HE'S NEVER HOME!
"SO WHAT IF THE PHONE IS BUGGED, I DON'T CARE ANYMORE
"THE THINGS THAT GO ON HERE WHAT'S A LITTLE PHONE CONVERSATION?
"I DON'T HAVE A HUSBAND ANYMORE, I THINK I DESERVE AT LEAST THAT!
"BUT HIS DEVOTION TO THE PROJECT DENIES ME
"YES YES I UNDERSTAND
"I HAVE TO BE GOING TOO YES. I'LL CALL TONIGHT. BYE."

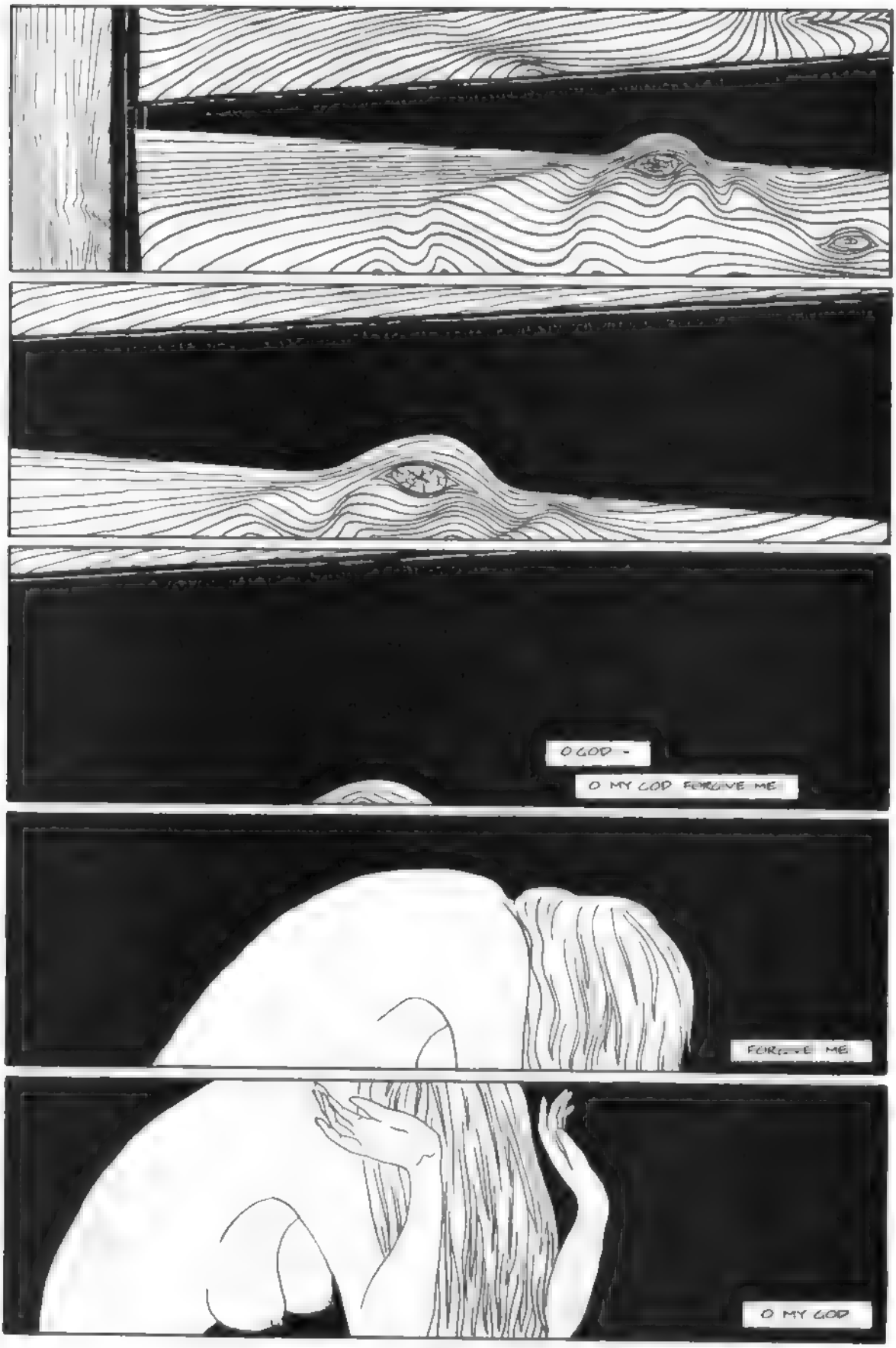
PLEASE!
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE? MAYBE...
COME HERE, LITTLE PIG THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO. HA HA HA
NO!
NO!
YOU'RE HURTING ME!

MMMMMM.
AHHHH I LOVE YOUR LIPS. YOU'RE THE ONLY THING THAT SMELLS GOOD HERE
CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP THAT BURNING STENCH OUT OF THIS ROOM.
GRRRRR...
GOD, YOUR TITS
HA!
OHHH YEAHH...
TURN AROUND. GIMME YOUR ASS. YE YE!
COME ON. SPREAD THEM MORE. YE YE. THAT'S IT!
O SHIT! O SHIT! YOU BITCH! WHORE WHORE MOVE IT. WHORE OHHRRRGGRRRR. HA. HAHHH...

I WONDER WHY THERE'S ALL THAT SMOKE?
DON'T YOU KNOW?
KNOW WHAT?
LUCKY FOR YOU, I FIND YOU ATTRACTIVE.
I HEARD FATHER TALKING ABOUT IT. HE SAID THEY'RE BURNING CRIMINALS, DANGEROUS ELEMENTS
YOU COULD JUST AS WELL BE ONE OF THOSE CORPSES, BUMPING THROUGH THE DIRT AT THE END OF A ROPE
A FINE SIGHT THAT WOULD BE HA! HA! HA!
YOU MEAN ALL THOSE PEOPLE COMING IN BY TRAIN ARE CRIMINALS AND THEY RE BEING BURNED?
YES.

SEE YOU LATER, LIEBCHEN
THAT'S AWFUL! I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SO MANY CRIMINALS.
EVEN CHILDREN LIKE US AND BABIES. GOD, IT'S TERRIBLE!
HEY LOOK
YEAH WELL, I HEARD DAD SAY THEY WERE WORSE THAN RATS AND THAT THEY HAD TO BE. WHAT'S THAT WORD... EXTERMINATED!
THERE GOES FAST MUELLER
I DO BELIEVE HE'S STILL BUTTONING HIS FLY.
I STILL THINK IT'S HORRIBLE
AND THE SMELL, SOMETIMES I CAN'T GET TO SLEEP BECAUSE OF IT
I THINK HE'D SECRETLY LIKE TO GET IT UP THE ASS BY ONE OF THE SPECIAL COMMANDOS.

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK SHE'LL LAST?
I KNOW. I HAVE THE SAME PROBLEM
I HEARD DAD SAY TO MOM THAT WE HAVE TO MAKE SACRIFICES
SO FAR, HE'S CRAZY ABOUT HER, BUT THAT WON'T LAST
HE'S HAD HIS FAVORITES BEFORE —
THEY ALL ENDED UP IN THE OVENS.
WELL I DON'T LIKE IT, THAT'S ALL
I DON'T EVEN FEEL LIKE EATING ALL THAT BURNT SMELL, LIKE WHEN MOM BURNS A ROAST
WELL?
IT'S BETTER TO SPREAD YOURSELF AROUND YOU LIVE LONGER
WELL, I THINK SHE SHOULD COME OUT
GOD YOU'RE DISGUSTING.
YES. GET SOME SUN AND SMELL THE FRESH AIR — HA! HA! HA!


O GOD -
O MY GOD FORGIVE ME
FOR-E ME
O MY GOD

OH· THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT ANYWAY.
EVERYONE IN SCHOOL SMELLS IT TOO!
O.K STOP TALK· ING ABOUT IT!
COME ON, SMILE!
I'LL RACE YOU.
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M COMING!

GUESS WHOSE COMING BACK FOR SECONDS, GIRLS.
YOU THINK SHE'S READY FOR ANOTHER RIDE?
GOD ONLY KNOWS.
WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT SHE HASN'T MADE A SOUND ALL DAY

HELLO LIEBCHEN, TIME TO PLAY
GOD IN HEAVEN
YOU STUPID COW!
WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU DO TO YOURSELF?
IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU PIG!
YOU FILTHY PIG!
GUARD!
GUARD!
GUARD!!!!

CLEAN UP THIS MESS AND BURN THAT TRASH
HI MOMMY!
I WONDER WHAT'S WITH MUELLER?
HE ACTS LIKE HE'S SEEN THE DEVIL.
MAYBE HE DID.
WHAT'S FOR DINNER?
POT ROAST.
UGH!
HA! HA! HA!
SO HOW WAS YOUR DAY?
ALL RIGHT—
SAME OLD STORY
SO HAVE SOME ROAST, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER
I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY
I THINK I'LL TURN IN EARLY.
SO WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EVERYBODY TONIGHT!
IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A PERSON CRAZY!
OH GOD!

Do you think the sun gets dazzled by its own light?

— James Hinton, *The Life and Letters of James Hinton* (1878)

As we watch Hinton in this struggle we seem sometimes to be conscious of a prophet who is caught up from the Earth in a whirlwind he cannot control, and borne away in a chariot we cannot follow.

— Mrs. Havelock Ellis, *James Hinton, a Sketch* (1918)

Oh, me! I am happy and sorry, and just now I cannot see a bit whether that gladness I think is coming on the Earth is coming or not.

— James Hinton, *Life and Letters*

Were such a thought adopted, we should have to imagine some stupendous whole, wherein all that has ever come into being or will come coexists, which, passing slowly on, leaves in this flickering consciousness of ours, limited to a narrow space and a single moment, a tumultuous record of changes and vicissitudes that are but to us.

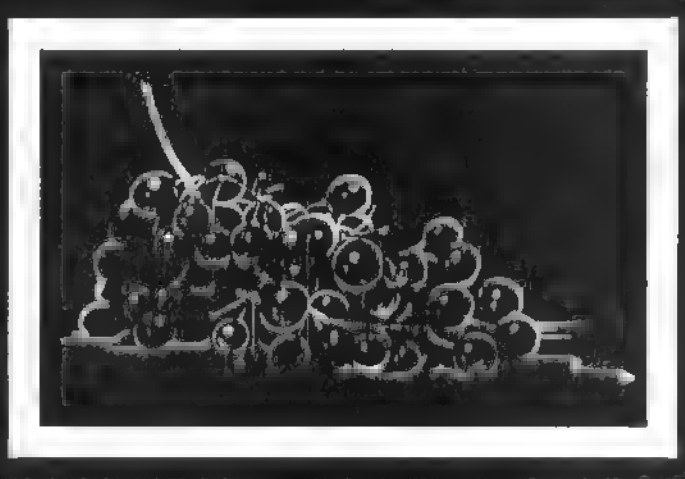
— C. Howard Hinton, "What is the Fourth Dimension," (manuscript version, 1884)

I must be a person not making things evil.

— James Hinton, *Life and Letters*

[Hinton] was one of the pioneers of humanity through the obscure and dark ways of the senses to the region of truth.

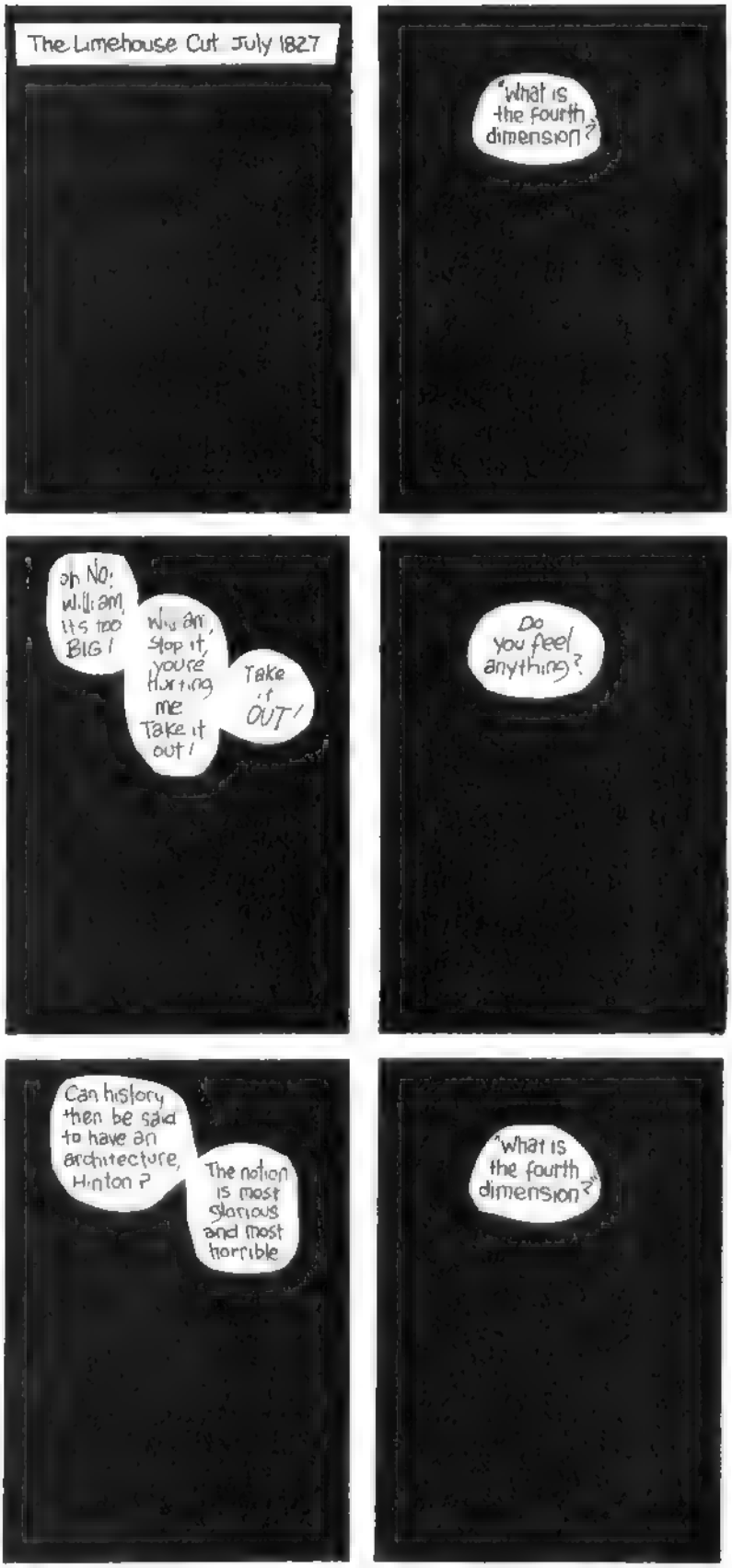
— William Withey Gull, Introduction to *Ibid.*

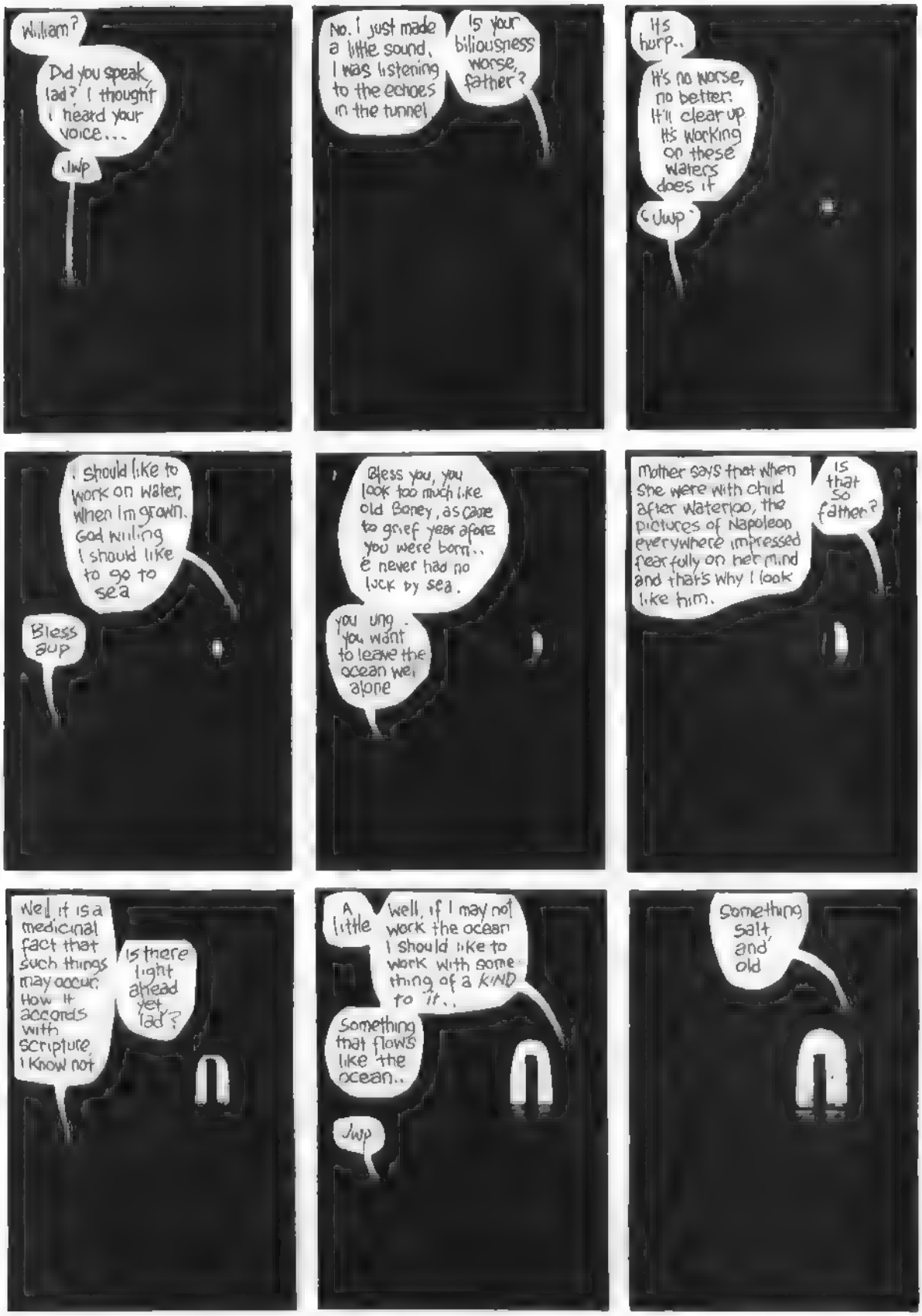


From hell

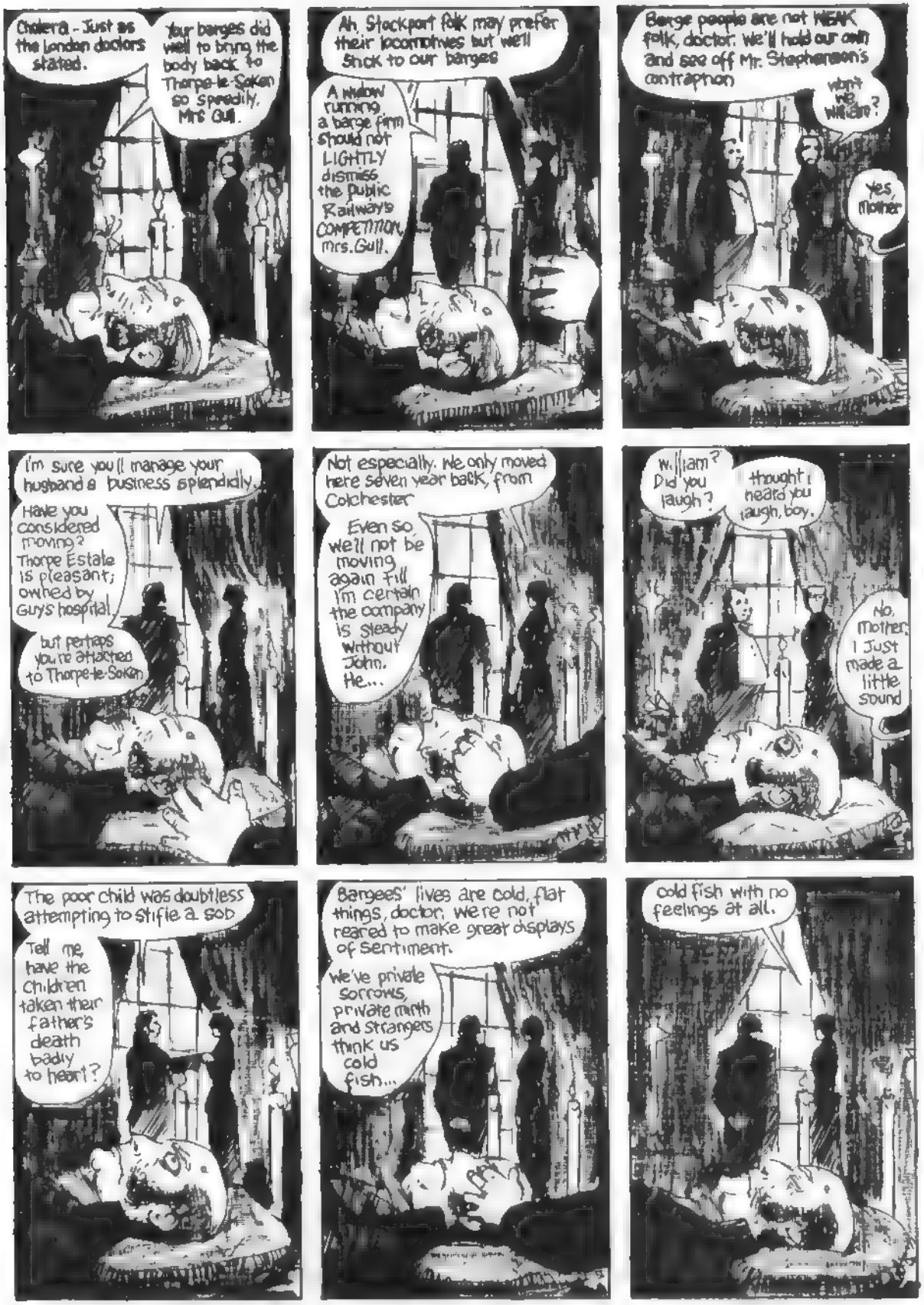
Chapter Two

A State of Darkness


The Limehouse Cut July 1827
"What is the fourth dimension?"
Less than a thimble full of iodine divides the intellectual from the imbecile
of which phenomenon I shall forthwith attempt a demonstration
oh No, William, it's too BIG!
Why am, Stop it, you're Hurting me Take it out!
Take it OUT!
Do you feel anything?
"What is the fourth dimension?"
Can history then be said to have an architecture, Hinton?
The notion is most glorious and most horrible
"What is the fourth dimension?"

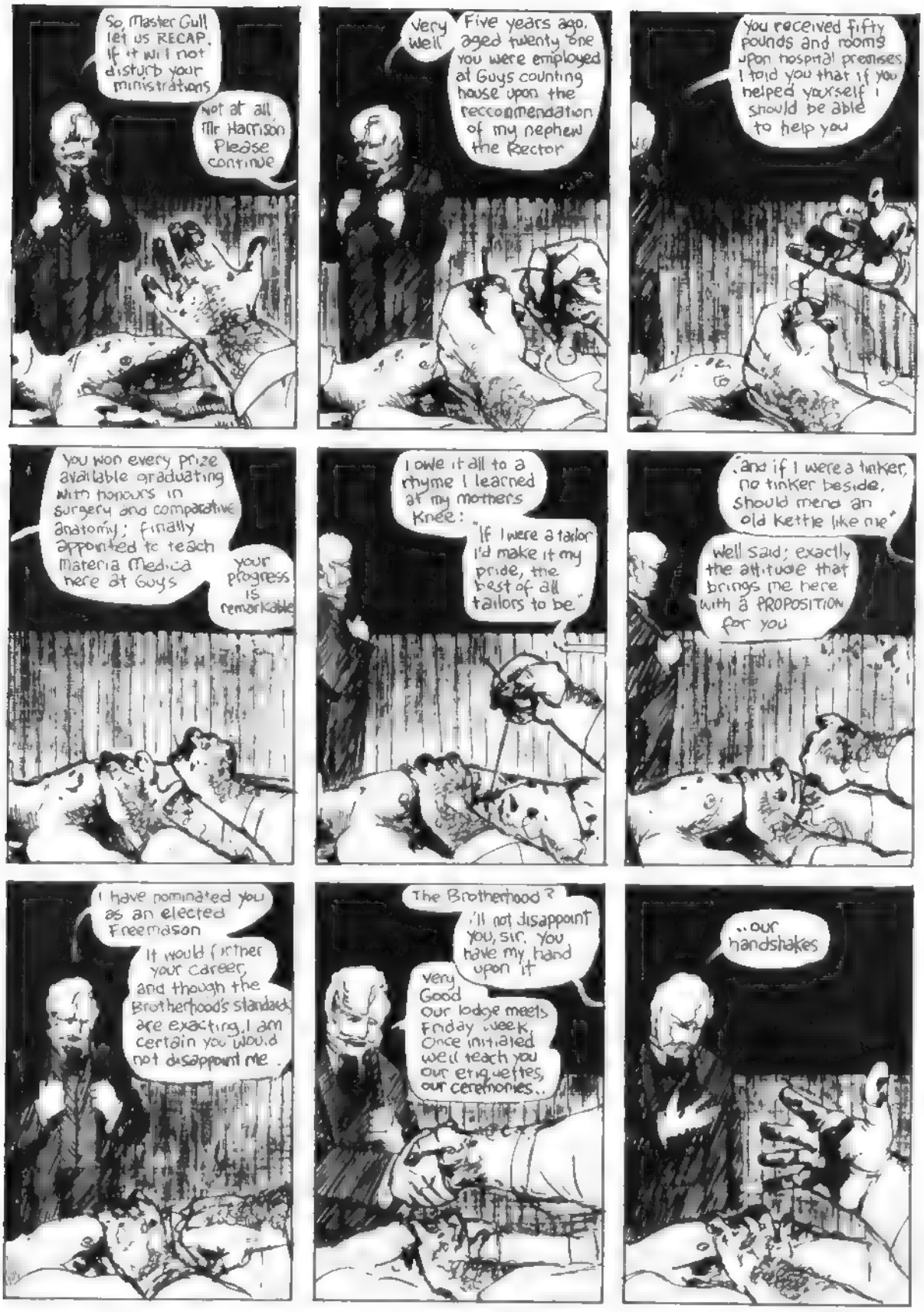

William?
Did you speak, lad? I thought I heard your voice...
Jwp
No. I just made a little sound. I was listening to the echoes in the tunnel
Is your biliousness worse, father?
It's hurp..
It's no worse, no better. It'll clear up it's working on these waters does it
"Jwp"
I should like to work on water, when I'm grown. God willing I should like to go to sea
Bless aup
Bless you, you look too much like old Boney, as came to grief year afore you were born.. e never had no luck by sea.
you ung. you want to leave the ocean we, alone
Mother says that when she were with child after Waterloo, the pictures of Napoleon everywhere impressed fearfully on her mind and that's why I look like him.
Is that so father?
Well it is a medicinal fact that such things may occur. How it accords with scripture I know not
Is there light ahead yet lad?
A little
Well, if I may not work the ocean I should like to work with something of a KIND to it..
Something that flows like the ocean..
Jwp
Something salt, and old

Think less on tommorrow's work, boy, and more upon today's
The lord has his own plans for each of us, and 'tis vanity to speculate
The scriptures ... umg ... The scriptures say "what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and hurp.. to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"
yes, father
you are right
UWP
Father? Is it vanity to hope the Lord may choose for me a task most difficult?
no that would seem a worthy Christian attribute, so long as it were not for Glorys sake.
Oh No.
Though I should have a task most difficult, most necessary and severe, I should not care if none save I did hear of my achievement
Only the Lord and I shall know
And that shall be sufficient

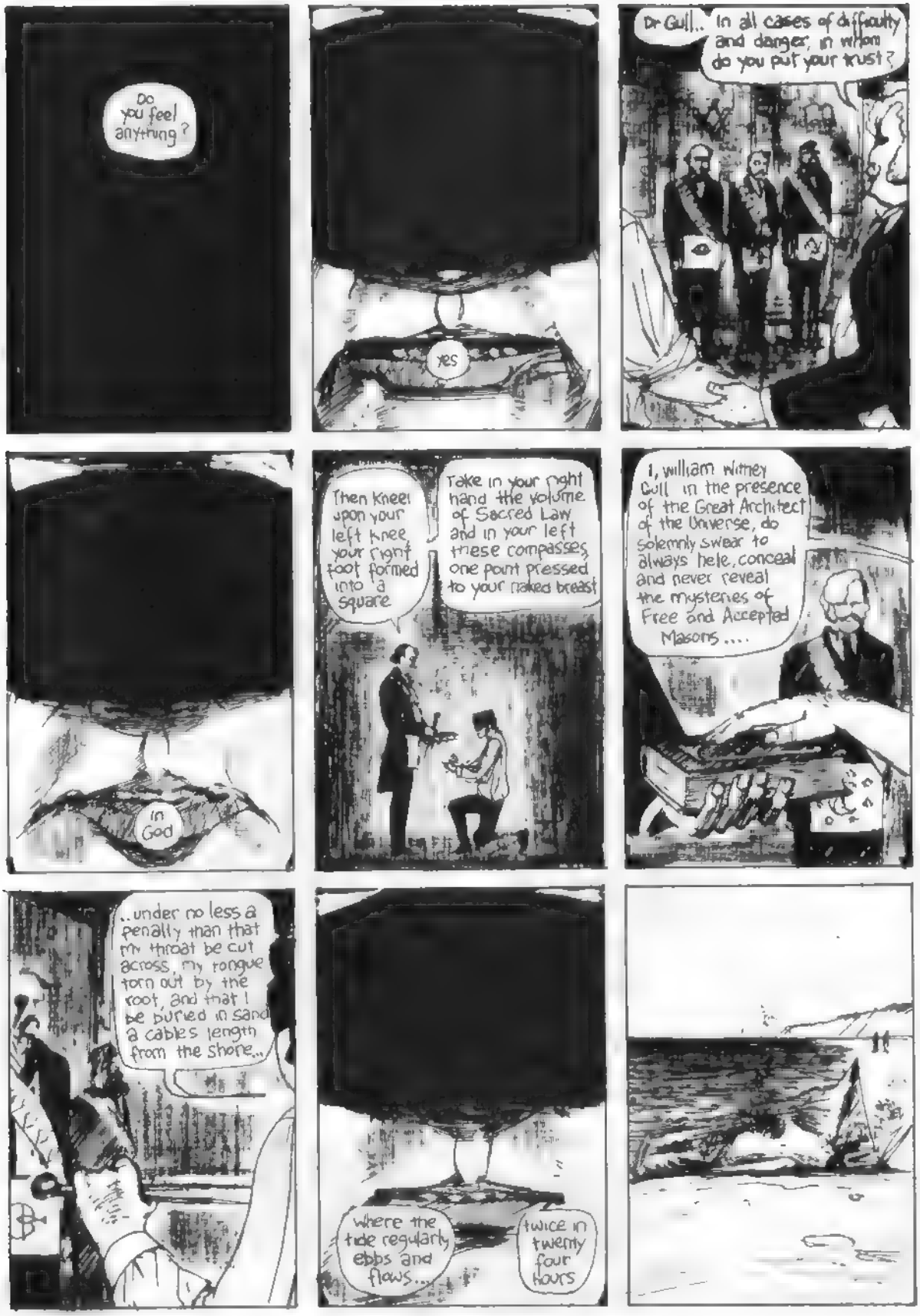

Cholera - Just as the London doctors stated.
Your barges did well to bring the body back to Thorpe-le-Soken so speedily, Mrs Gull.
Ah, Stockport folk may prefer their locomotives but we'll stick to our barges
A widow running a barge firm should not LIGHTLY dismiss the public Railway's COMPETITION, mrs. Gull.
Barge people are not WEAK folk, doctor. We'll hold our own and see off Mr. Stephenson's contraption
What was William?
Yes, Mother
I'm sure you'll manage your husband's business splendidly.
Have you considered moving? Thorpe Estate is pleasant; owned by Guy's hospital.
but perhaps you're attached to Thorpe-le-Soken
Not especially. We only moved here seven year back, from Colchester
Even so, we'll not be moving again till I'm certain the company is steady without John. He...
W.William? Did you laugh?
thought I heard you laugh, boy.
No, Mother. I just made a little sound
The poor child was doubtless attempting to stifle a sob
Tell me, have the children taken their father's death badly to heart?
Bargees' lives are cold, flat things, doctor. We're not reared to make great displays of sentiment.
We've private sorrows, private mirth and strangers think us cold fish...
cold fish with no feelings at all.

My dear Mrs. Gull
Welcome to Beaumont Rectory. I take it young William is already off exploring the grounds?
You can be sure he is, Rector Harrison. Never knew a child so keen on nature.
At sixteen, William is hardly a child. Still, I'm glad he's taken your move to Thorpe Estate so well.
At very least it would appear our flora and fauna are of interest to the boy.
Aa, I just wish he'd put his interest into proper learning. He talks of nothing but going to sea.
What BETTER basis for an education than the appreciation of nature in all her terrible glory.
Why the very foundation of science and medicine lies in a preoccupation with natural forms...
Their workings, their shapes...
The very marvel in them, that moves men's hearts.
Such talk, Rector Harrison. It makes me quite giddy.
Besides, our Williams tutoring at village school is all a widow's income can afford him, providing little opportunity for such fine notions to bear fruit.

A shameful waste of one so bright How would it be if I should tutor him myself each day, here at the Rectory!
Then we shall see what disciplines he turns his hand to best
Oh I could not impose upon you so. Surely you'd soon grow tired with both of us
With one so charming?
Dear Mrs. Gull, I should as soon grow tired with life itself.
Wh-Why Rector Harrison
Hush, it is settled. Let us hear no more of it
My Uncle Benjamin is treasurer of Guy's Hospital. Who knows? In time your son may find his true vocation there.
...may find a calling deep enough to make him quite forget the oceans lure
Now how do you prefer your tea Mrs Gull
or might I know you as Elizabeth?

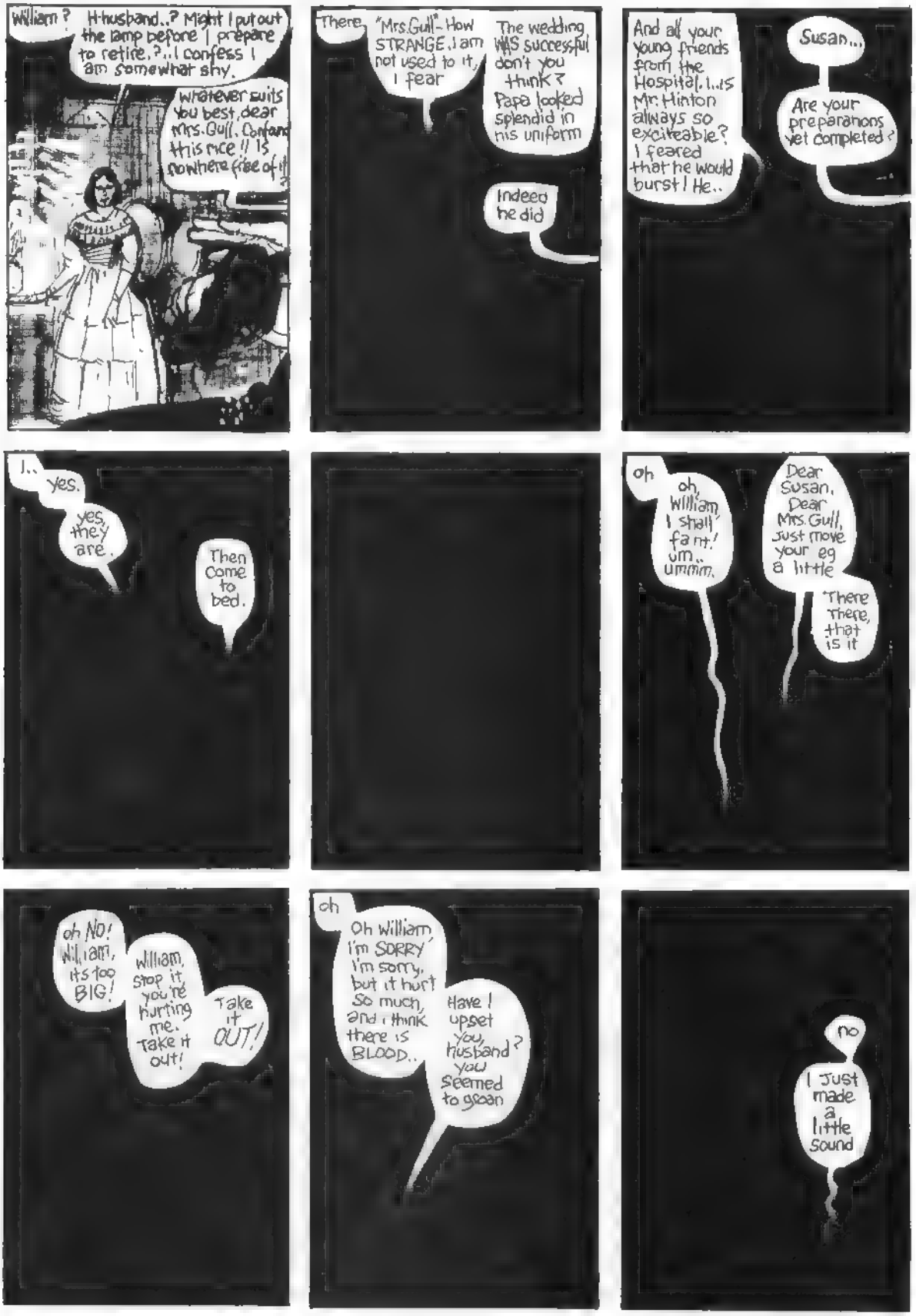

So, Master Gull let us RECAP. If it will not disturb your ministrations
Not at all, Mr Harrison Please continue
Very well
Five years ago, aged twenty one you were employed at Guys counting house upon the recommendation of my nephew the Rector
You received fifty pounds and rooms upon hospital premises I told you that if you helped yourself I should be able to help you
You won every prize available graduating with honours in surgery and comparative anatomy; finally appointed to teach Materia Medica here at Guys
your progress is remarkable
I owe it all to a rhyme I learned at my mothers Knee:
"If I were a tailor I'd make it my pride, the best of all tailors to be."
"and if I were a tinker, no tinker beside, Should mend an old kettle like me"
Well said; exactly the attitude that brings me here with a PROPOSITION for you
I have nominated you as an elected Freemason
It would further your career, and though the Brotherhood's standards are exacting, I am certain you would not disappoint me.
The Brotherhood?
I'll not disappoint you, sir. You have my hand upon it
Very Good Our lodge meets Friday week. Once initiated we'll teach you our etiquettes, our ceremonies..
..our handshakes

Whom have you there?
Dr William Gull a poor candidate in a state of darkness
...who comes of his own free will and accord, properly prepared humbly soliciting to be admitted to the mysteries and privileges of Freemasonry
Do you feel anything?


Do you feel anything?
yes
Dr Gull.. In all cases of difficulty and danger, in whom do you put your trust?
in God
Then Kneel upon your left knee, your right foot formed into a square
Take in your right hand the volume of Sacred Law and in your left these compasses, one point pressed to your naked breast
I, william Withey Gull in the presence of the Great Architect of the Universe, do solemnly swear to always hele, conceal and never reveal the mysteries of Free and Accepted Masons ....
..under no less a penalty than that my throat be cut across, my tongue torn out by the root, and that I be buried in sand a cables length from the shore..
where the tide regularly ebbs and flows...
twice in twenty four hours

Dr Gull? I am James Hinton
My Congratulations upon the gold medal your M.D. received A supreme honour.. especially for one of barely thirty years
Why, thank you, Dr. Hinton
You'll forgive my haste, but I must attend the deranged women kept here for me at Guys. Do not think me brusque
Not at all. may I walk with you?
Certainly. Accompany my inspection if you wish
That would be most agreeable I confess that unfortunate women hold a particular interest for me
Their miserable condition haunts me Shall it NEVER be alleviated?
Hahaha! my dear Hinton are all your outbursts so passionate?
no, no, Come, do not look aggrieved. Such passions admirable in a fellow
..though concerning the objects of your pity I fear there's little hope
There MUST be.. even for such unfortunates. Is not all base matter gradually ascending; refining itself into pure spirit.?
Assuredly... but some wretches have a downward momentum in their lives almost impossible to reverse
Consider it water will of necessity flow downhill thwarting all our best efforts that it should do otherwise
In order that water might rise despite itself it must first be transmuted into steam
It must first be touched by the purifying spirit of fire
This way.

Dear God, and they are all quite mad?
oh yes
But tell me of yourself, Hinton Are you a married man?
uh, no. That is, I hope to be when my Margaret gives assent
Bravo. A noble institution, matrimony
Now, let's see what ails you my beauty..
I myself am shortly to wed Colonel Lacy of Carlisles daughter, Susan
Women are such elevated and agreeable creatures are they not?
My husban e wenn out fer co-al
uh, yes. Most agreeable
Just as I thought; a Syphilitic sarcocele. too late for iodide of Potassium it seems
Is e back yet
The disease appears to have traversed the spinal column infecting reasons throne itself.
Is My Jack back yet with the co-al?
warrit im just now arrin is 'andful 'o sprats?
How dismal Just as a serpent climbs the bough in Eden So does the disease progress.
Hana! My word what an imagination. We must stroll together sometime
JACK
Is that you, Our Jack?
There, there my good woman
All is well
Come, Hinton, let us now depart. Time is but short and I have other tasks
Jack
Jack is it You?


William ?
H-husband..? Might I put out the lamp before I prepare to retire,?..I confess I am somewhat shy.
Whatever suits you best, dear Mrs. Gull. Confound this nice !! Is somewhere free of it!
There,
"Mrs. Gull"- How STRANGE. I am not used to it, I fear
The wedding WAS successful don't you think?
Papa looked splendid in his uniform
Indeed he did
And all your young friends from the Hospital..is Mr. Hinton always so excitable? I feared that he would burst! He..
Susan...
Are your preparations yet completed?
I..
yes.
yes, they are.
Then come to bed.
oh
oh, William I shall faint! um.. ummm.
Dear Susan, Dear Mrs. Gull, just move your leg a little
There there, that is it
oh NO! Wi..iam, its too BIG!
William, stop it, you're hurting me. Take it out!
Take it OUT!
oh
Oh William I'm SORRY I'm sorry, but it hurt So much, and I think there is BLOOD..
Have I upset you, husband? You seemed to groan
no
I just made a little sound

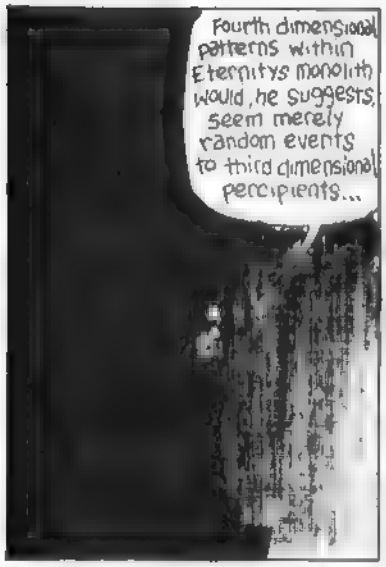
Dorset Street the most evil in London, I'm told
I apologise. Our walks of twenty years so often lead to Whitechapel, where the plight of unfortunates first racked my heart.
At six in the morning its evil is evidently sleeping, Hinton and we are quite safe
So have a grape
No? You should. Grapes or raisins with water enliven the blood, postponing fatigue
As for Whitechapel, do not apologise. I enjoy visiting churches; attempting to fathom the minds of their architects
Few churches conceal secrets like Christchurch Spitalfields. Or like the mind of its maker, Nicholas Hawksmoor
I've always found it UNNERVING
Intentionally so! Hawksmoor designed several London churches to be of "Solemn and awful appearance" following the pagan traditions of the ancient Dionysiac architects
He'd possibly also read Thomas Hobbes, the only thinker preceding your friend Coleridge to suggest that certain symbols might affect men's minds
Hawksmoor follows PAGAN traditions? I am astonished
His cunning rhetoric concealed it, but the evidence surrounds us
This massive Doric Portico, meant to instil a sense of "Terrour and Magnificence," would to the ancients signify such awesome deities as Hercules; Minerva, Mars
Gods of strength Gods of wisdom and war
Come .. let us venture within.

It's dark
Hawksmoor cut stone to hold shadows... a Gothic motif. Though Hawksmoor influences were somewhat ...older
The Dionysiac architects?
Ummistakably... A secret fraternity of Dionysus cultists originating in 3,000 B.C., they worked on solo pagan temple, eventually becoming the Middle Age, traveling Masonic guilds
Their ingenious constructions merely symbolized their greater work. The Temple of Civilization chiseling human history into an edifice worthy of God the Great architect
Borrowing proportions from God's Temple, the human body, they sought to become one with the processes of Nature and thus IMMORTAL
Perfectly attuned, their monuments supposedly rang with the voices of the ages, echoes of futurity
Their accoustic secrets included passageways where you couldn't hear your own screams;
Chambers that re-echoed your merest sigh.
Like St Pauls whispering gallery?
Hawksmoor assisted Wren with St Paul's. Who knows which features were his?
Such MINDS, Hinton, shaping infinity itself

You know, Gull, this puts me in mind of some theories that my son Howard proposed to me
They suggest time is a human ILLUSION

...that all times CO EXIST in the stupendous whole of eternity. He hopes to publish a pamphlet one day
Indeed? And how shall this pamphlet be entitled?

"What is the fourth dimension?"


Fourth dimensional patterns within Eternity's monolith would, he suggests, seem merely random events to third dimensional percipients...

...events rising towards inevitable convergence like an archway's lines.
Let us say something peculiar happens in 1788

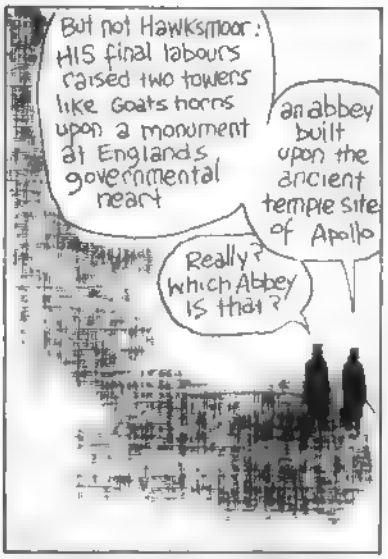
A century later related events take place. Then again, 50 years later ...then 25 years ...then 12½
An invisible curve rising through the centuries

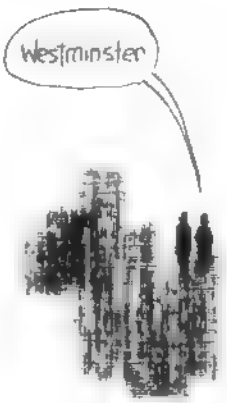
Can history then be said to have an architecture, Hinton?
The notion is most glorious and most horrible

Yet consider this church: Built upon "Ho-Spital Fields where plague victims were buried... Plague that entered London barely a mile away

In the 1760's troops bloodily suppressing Weaver's Riots were barracked here in Christchurch
Nearby, in 1811, the Ratcliff Highway murders engendered our Police Force, now imitated throughout Europe

Perhaps Hawksmoor gauged more deeply an existing channel of suffering violence and authority
Such PURPOSE! —I am fifty, my own purpose unrevealed despite meaningless laurels.


But not Hawksmoor: HIS final labours raised two towers like goats horns upon a monument at England's governmental heart
an abbey built upon the ancient temple site of Apollo
Really? Which Abbey is that?

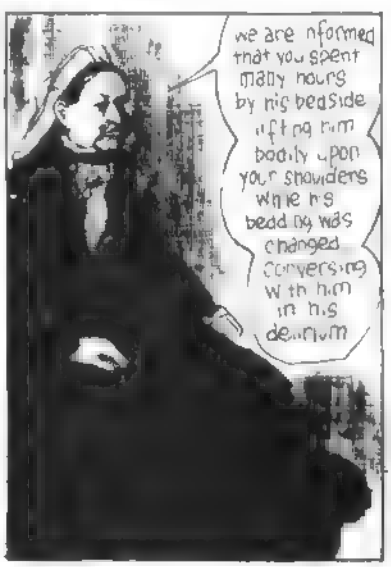

Westminster

You summoned me, Grand Sojourner.
I summoned you as Grand Sojourner, but speak to you as Sir Charles Warren, and as such you may address me.
your rise in Masonry parallels your ascent in medicine, Dr Gull. It seems so long ago you reached the third degree, manfully suffering the ordeal required to become Master Mason
Speak thou JUWES, of thy interrogation
Thou Jubelo Did he tell you the word?
I beat him and tortured him but he would not reveal the word
Thou, Jubela. Did he tell you the word?
I tormented and vexed his inner spirit but he would not reveal the word
And thou Jubelum - Did he tell you the word?
I Cut out his organs of generation and he was mute. He did not reveal the word
Yes Portraying Solomon's Architect Hiram Abiff, I enacted his martyrdom and resurrection
I remember the symbolic execution of the three treacherous Juwes.
Ah yes.. the entrails hung over the shoulder; the stomach burned to ashes and scattered... I recal. my OWN initiation
yours happened twenty years ago, in 1850. Later, reaching thirteenth degree, you were exalted to the Royal Arch, learning its innermost secret

Exalted one of Enochs Royal Arch, Know ye now the true and hidden name of the Great Architect of the Universe
He is trinity and in part he is JAHWEH worshipped by the Hebrews
In part he is Osiris, Known to ancient Egypt...
And also he is BAAL, the horned god of the Canaan tes..
In sum, Know ye this; his awful name
Which is JAH BUL-ON
You've since advanced two degrees, becoming Knight of the Sword we are impressed... Hence your presence HERE tonight, rather than at your Royal Alpha Lodge meeting at the Mitre Tavern.
But Sir... I cannot!
Our situation is this; a fellow Mason, Albert Prince of Wales, is ill we would prefer that you, a brother mason treat him.
Surely Sir William Jenner, the Queens favourite physician shall attend the Prince ?
Jenner isn't on the square He's not one of US
"Will no-one help the Widow's Son" Dr. Gull ?
I understand your meaning Sir Charles
I'll do my best

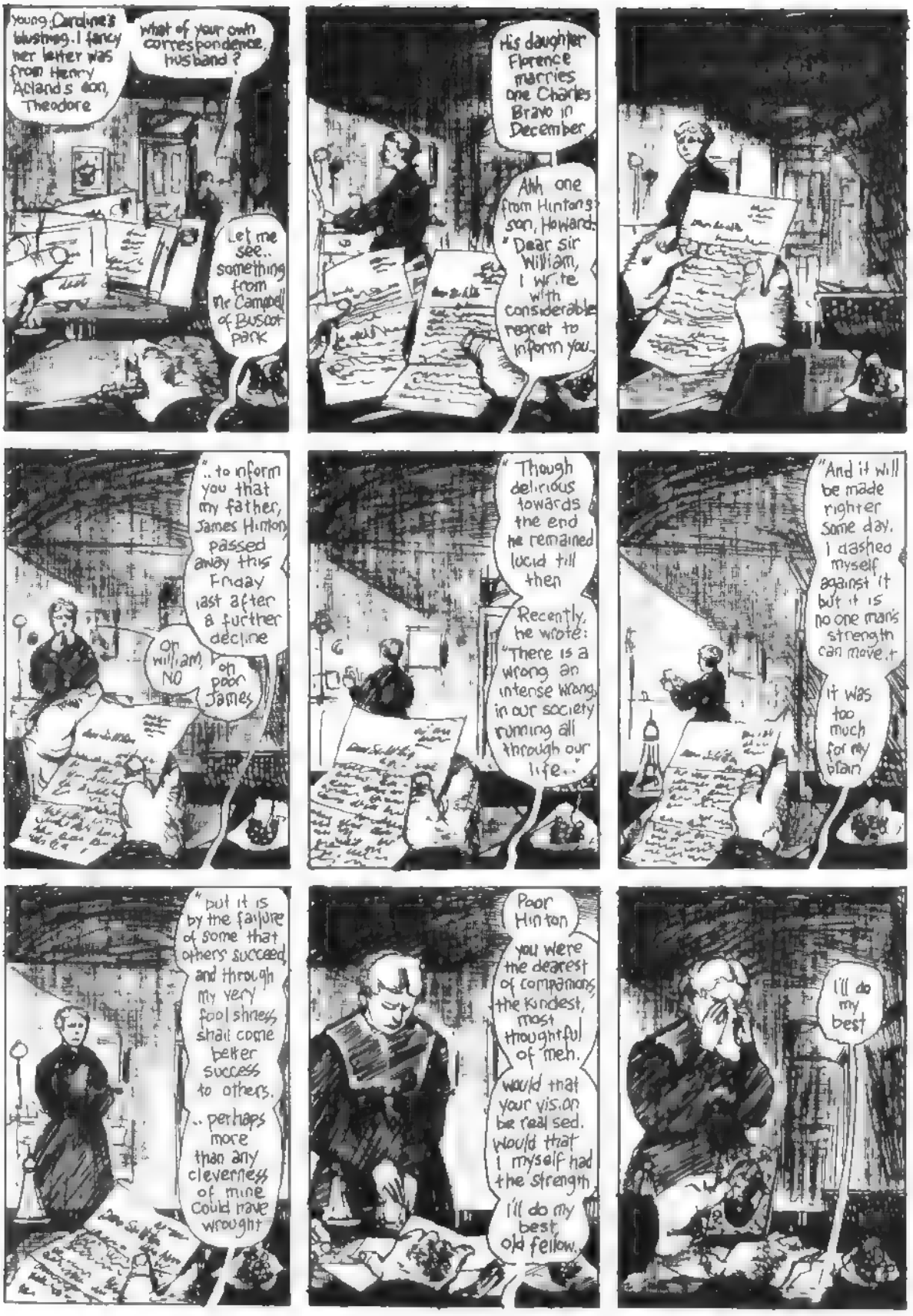
Dr Gull.

We are indebted to you
It is thanks to your interventions that the life of our son has been spared


we are informed that you spent many hours by his bedside lifting him bodily upon your shoulders while his bedding was changed conversing with him in his delirium

You saved his life, Dr. Gull.
We should be interested to learn if you thought it worth the saving.

your Majesty?
Um that is, as heir to the throne, his Highness is.. uh..
That is to say All life is worth preserving your Majesty
If you mean 'No', Dr Gull you have our leave to say 'No'
Our son is a wastrel and a halfwit. We shudder to think of the throne in his hands.
But he is none the less of our flesh and our obligation is most severe...
both to yourself and to that loyal Brotherhood which you represent
I... I am honoured, your majesty
Honoured you shall be, Dr. Gull
In recognition of your services we appoint you Royal Physician in Extraordinary
You will in addition be created a Baronet. Does this suit you?
Your majesty I....
I did only my job. Such generosity is undeserved
We think not
These times they are a worry to us, and it has been too long since we had men about us who were strong and dependable
Since dear, dear Albert
Go
Go now, Dr. Gull, we would be alone
Your majesty

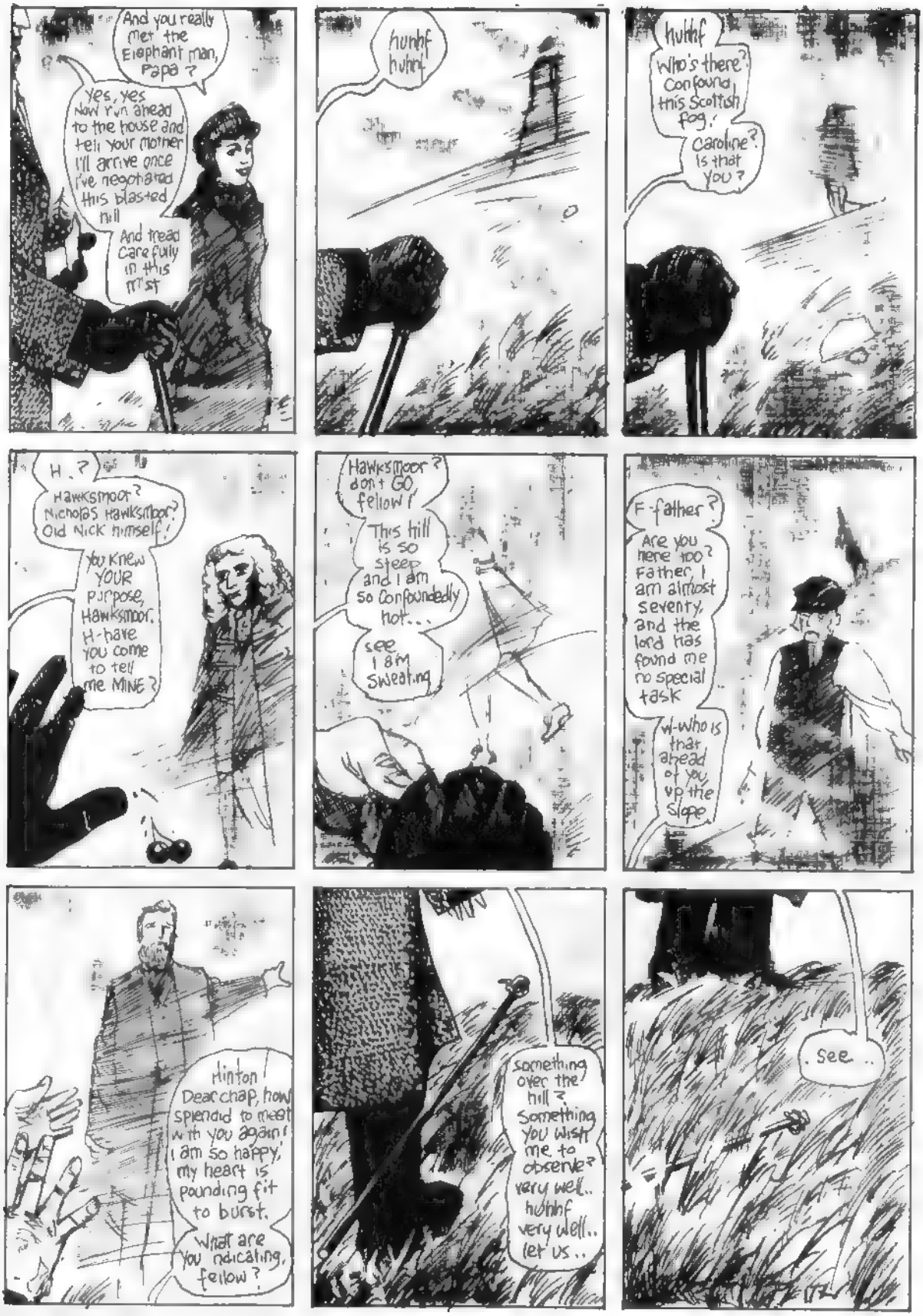

young Caroline's blushing. I fancy her letter was from Henry Acland's son, Theodore
what of your own correspondence, husband?
Let me see.. something from Mr Campbell of Buscot park
His daughter Florence marries one Charles Bravo in December
Ahh one from Hinton's son, Howard:
"Dear sir William, I write with considerable regret to inform you..
"..to inform you that my father, James Hinton, passed away this Friday last after a further decline
Oh William, NO
oh poor James
"Though delirious towards the end he remained lucid till then
Recently, he wrote: "There is a wrong an intense wrong in our society running all through our life..
"And it will be made righter some day. I dashed myself against it but it is no one man's strength can move it
It was too much for my brain
"but it is by the failure of some that others succeed and through my very foolishness shall come better success to others.
.. perhaps more than any cleverness of mine could have wrought
Poor Hinton
you were the dearest of companions, the kindest, most thoughtful of men.
would that your vision be realised. would that I myself had the strength
I'll do my best old fellow.
I'll do my best

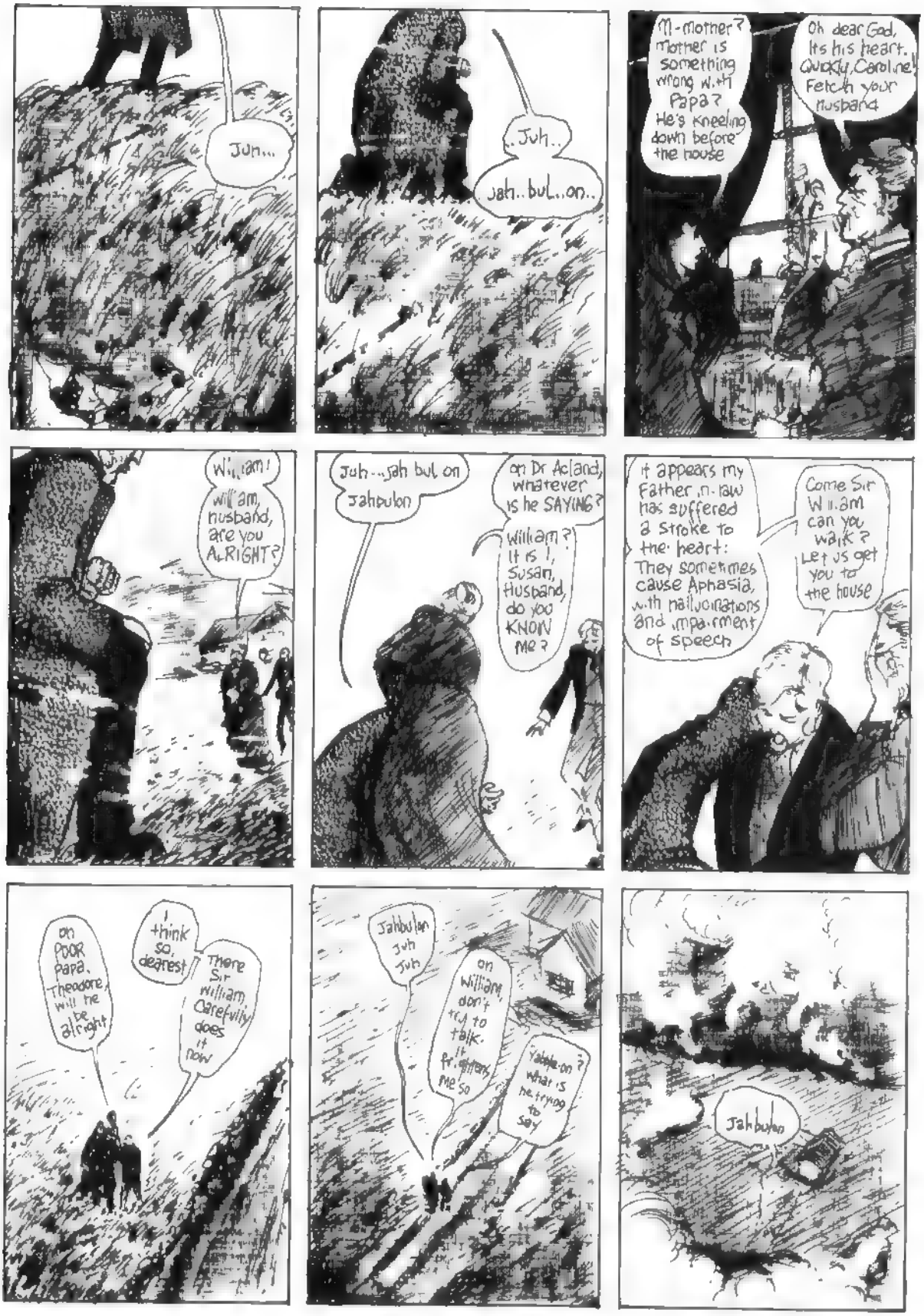
You're kind, attending Mr Bravo at the Priory, Sir William
'Tis puzzling: Sending me with the message, Mr Campbell said "Ask if no-one will help the Widow's son... although Mr Bravo's father is still alive.
I see. What exactly is wrong?
I fear Mr Bravo's taken poison. Mr Campbell thought spiteful folk might blame his daughter Florence, Mrs Bravo
He trusts you'll investigate sympathetically, sir
I think I understand you, Mrs Cox
Very Good, Sir
Mr Bravo's through here.
Mr Bravo,... and Mrs Bravo, presumably. Has any vomit been passed?
Florence Bravo, S'William, S'great brivish
Charles spewed on the window ledge outside me...
I see
Have footmen scrape it up, using pure silver spoons which won't affect the vomit's constitution
Now, Mr Bravo what have you taken?
Luh-laudanum, Before God, only laudanum.. yet I'm in such PAIN
Sir William tell me there is hope that I shall not die
Hm
Looking at your condition, it wouldn't be right to give you hope- there's very little life left in you
In fact, you're heart-dead already
Oh Nooo- dear GOD nooo
You can do no more Sir William. I'll show you out
Thank you again for calling
Not at all.. I'm always gladly at hand to relieve human suffering
Have MERCY! oh God SPARE me Ahuhuhu

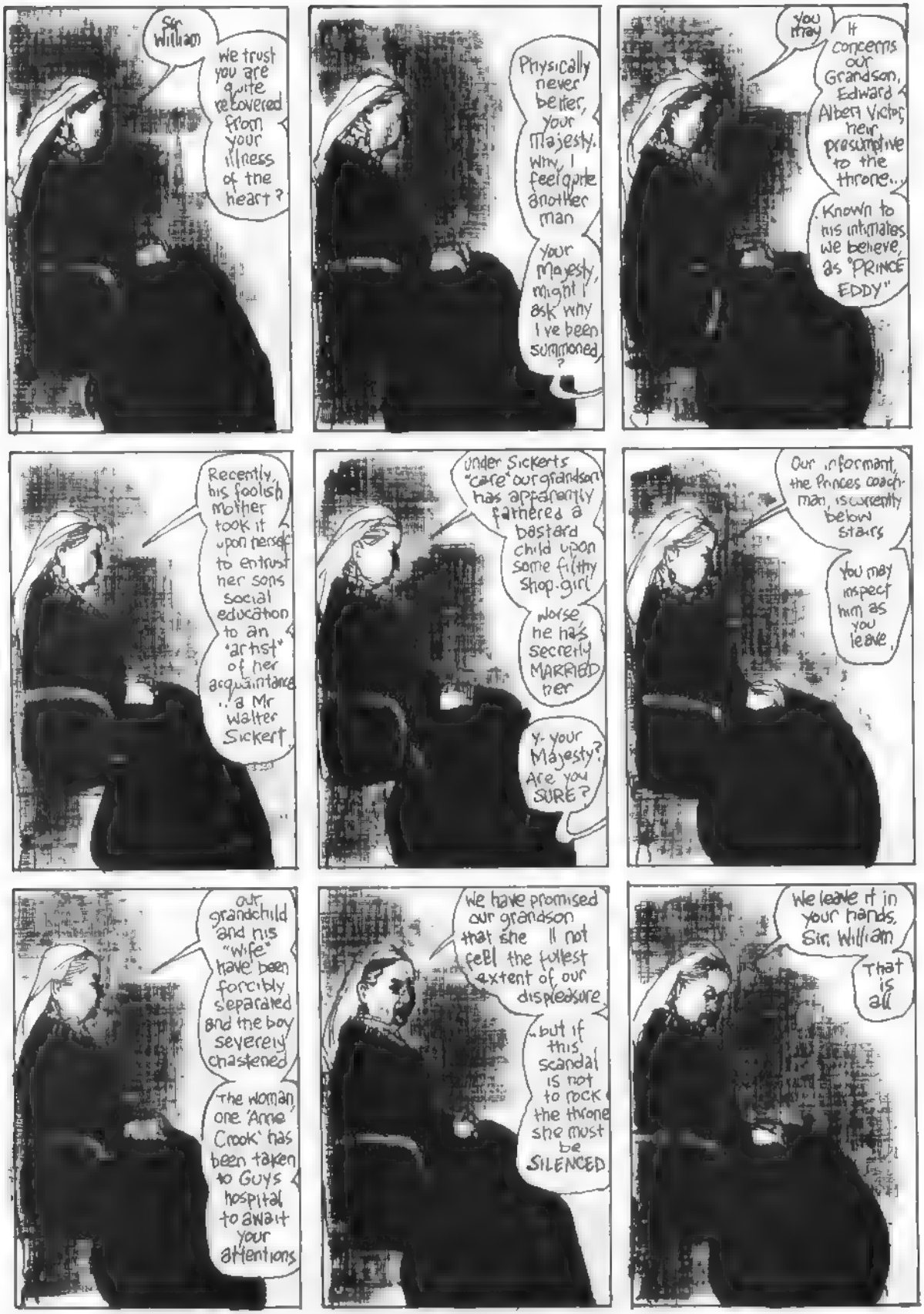
Now you mind Sir William, you're only to examine my dead brother not take nothin' out
I've 'eard about you Cuttin up poor an mals alive. S why the family insisted I be there keepin an eye.
Madam, your brother died of an interesting heart complaint
your family's refusal to let me remove the organ for study along with your presence here tonight is most distasteful
As for your unenlightened thoughts upon VIVISECTION, there is no doubt that physiological experiments have benefitted both animals and mankind
Baking dogs alive, I see!
ooh dear
Baking dogs? Be assured, the good we may obtain outweighs the immorality of any such process.
Now, let me just see if I can.. Unngh
There
Now, madam, I am going to place this object in my coat pocket and leave the room. I trust to your honour not to betray me.
you will excuse my haste, but I have an appointment with my colleague Dr Treves
Good night to you, madam

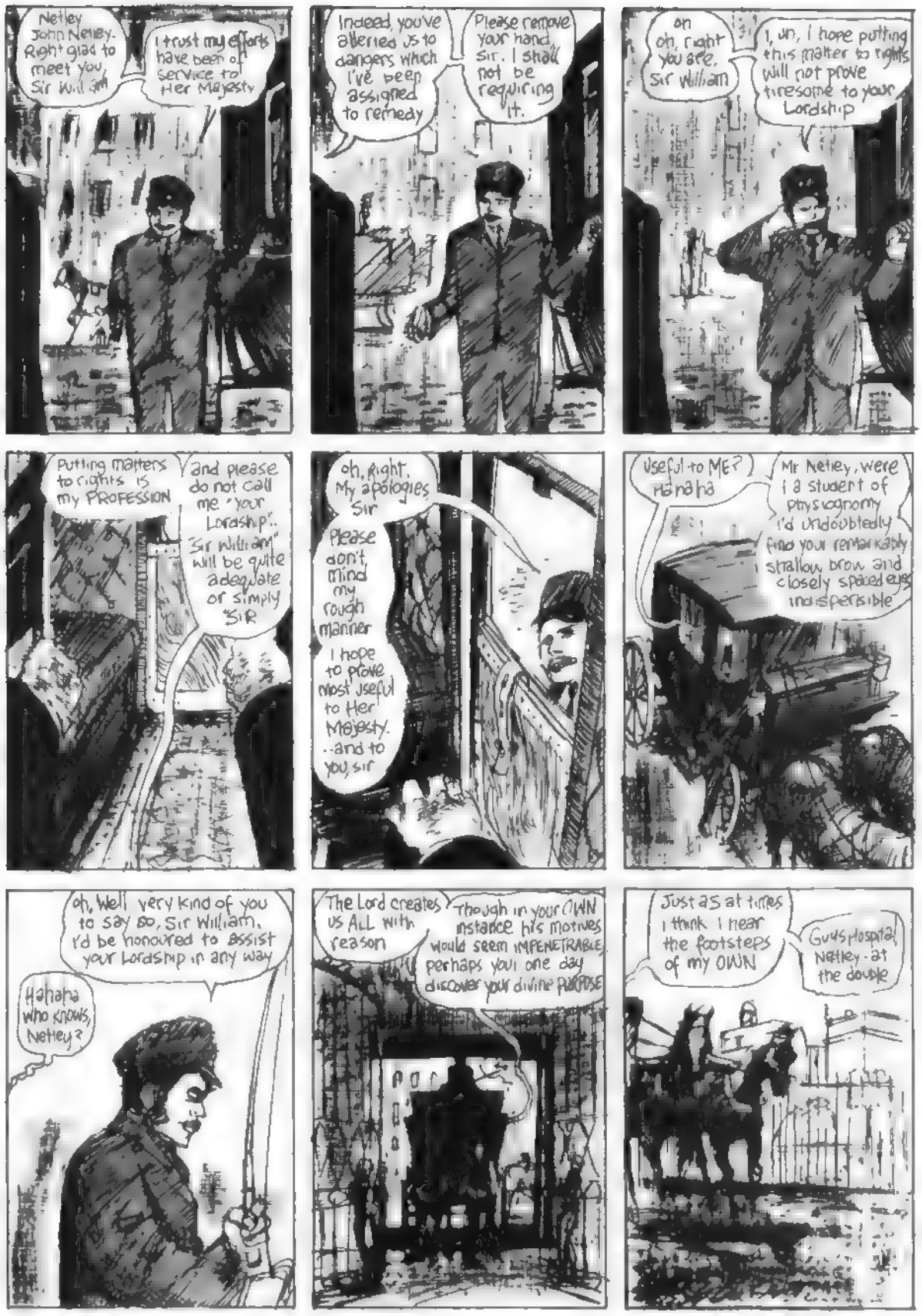
Welcome to whitechapel Sir William. The London Hospital is honoured
Nonsense Treves. you're now Royal Physician in Extraordinary and I Physician in Ordinary, yet we meet so SELDOM
Besides I must meet your discovery before leaving for my holiday in Scotland
Ah yes Mr Merrick's through here expecting you. I'll leave you to make your own introductions
Hallo Mr Merrick? Are you within?
It is I, Sir William Gull, come to visit you mr Merrick?
Sir Wiliyum I yub moft aneepy nowrrt
By the Divine Creator
Mr Merrick, you are the most dreadfully deformed human being I have ever encountered.
It is a great privilege to make your acquaintance
numuh yu nho wen dhey fhee me, moft peeble fereem or loff or fubtibes bhey pweteebb! luk perfecky ordinary
yhur hobbesty b moft refweffing
As is your articulacy Sir
though indeed I see you have some difficulty in speaking. Might I examine you more closely?

Pleve be by geffp
Thank you
Hmm I see there is a thick pink stump of bone protruding from your upper jaw It almost turns your lip inside out
Yeff wem I wof in bun fide-fah buh poafpuh arpift dwoo ip ab a fingle tufk
Bney caw be bun "Eweffub Mab. ip Hof Moft Cwuel
Indeed, yet perhaps those cruel poster artists paid you a compliment without their realizing
Tel me, Mr Merrick have you heard of GANESA?
Ganeefa mhO. bun mabe iff umfapiwivh
Ganesa is the Indian God of Wisdom An elephant headed deity with a single tusk
Just think- In Ind a you would be WORSHIPPED
Worfipped
Oh yes. Offerings are made to Ganesa at the commencement of any great journey or important venture
Why, I've heard Dr Treves himself liken you to 'Some Indian Idol'
Rest assured Mr Merrick you are a creation of God and all his makings are wondrous, none more so than yourself
Now you must excuse me, but I have winter holidays to undertake I hope I may visit you again Sir
yeff yeff Pleve bu I fuad lnike yhat
Gud evenum to yhu, Fir Whiyum
Worfipped


And you really met the Elephant man, Papa?
Yes, yes Now run ahead to the house and tell your mother I'll arrive once I've negotiated this blasted hill
And tread carefully in this mist
hunhf hunhf
hunhf
Who's there? Confound this Scottish fog. Caroline? Is that you?
H..?
Hawksmoor? Nicholas Hawksmoor? Old Nick himself!
You knew YOUR purpose, Hawksmoor. H-have you come to tell me MINE?
Hawksmoor? don't GO fellow!
This hill is so steep and I am so confoundedly hot...
see, I am sweating
F-father?
Are you here too? Father, I am almost seventy, and the lord has found me no special task
w-who is that ahead of you, up the slope
Hinton! Dear chap, how splendid to meet with you again! I am so happy, my heart is pounding fit to burst.
What are you indicating, fellow?
something over the hill? Something you wish me to observe? very well.. hunhf very well.. let us..
. see ..


Jun...
..Juh..
Jah..bul..on..
M-mother? Mother is something wrong w.th Papa? He's kneeling down before the house
Oh dear God, Its his heart. Quickly, Caroline! Fetch your husband
Wi.iam!
William, husband, are you ALRIGHT?
Juh--jah bul on Jahbulon
on Dr Acland, whatever is he SAYING?
William? It is I, Susan, Husband, do you KNOW me?
it appears my Father.n-law has suffered a stroke to the heart: They sometimes cause Aphasia, w.th nailjorations and impa.rment of speech
Come Sir Wi.iam can you walk? Let us get you to the house
oh POOR Papa. Theodore will he be alright
I think so, dearest
There Sir William, Carefully does it now
Jahbulon Juh Juh
on William, don't try to talk. It fr.ghtens me so
Yabble-on? What is he trying to say
Jahbulon


Sir William
We trust you are quite recovered from your illness of the heart?
Physically never better, your Majesty. Why, I feel quite another man
Your Majesty, might I ask why I've been summoned?
You may
It concerns our Grandson, Edward Albert Victor, heir presumptive to the throne...
...known to his intimates we believe, as "PRINCE EDDY"
Recently, his foolish mother took it upon herself to entrust her sons social education to an "artist" of her acquaintance ...a Mr Walter Sickert
Under Sickert's "care" our grandson has apparently fathered a bastard child upon some filthy shop-girl
Worse he has secretly MARRIED her
Y- your Majesty? Are you SURE?
Our informant, the Princes coachman, is currently below stairs
You may inspect him as you leave
our grandchild and his "wife" have been forcibly separated and the boy severely chastened
The woman, one 'Annie Crook' has been taken to Guys hospital to await your attentions
We have promised our grandson that she'll not feel the fullest extent of our displeasure
...but if this scandal is not to rock the throne she must be SILENCED
We leave it in your hands, Sir William
That is all


Netley
John Netley. Right glad to meet you, Sir William
I trust my efforts have been of service to Her Majesty
Indeed, you've alleried us to dangers which I've been assigned to remedy
Please remove your hand, sir. I shall not be requiring it.
oh, right you are, Sir William
I, um, I hope putting this matter to rights will not prove tiresome to your Lordship
Putting matters to rights is my PROFESSION
and please do not call me "your Lordship". "Sir William" will be quite adequate or simply "SIR"
oh, right. My apologies Sir
Please don't mind my rough manner
I hope to prove most useful to Her Majesty. ..and to you, sir
Useful to ME? Hahaha
Mr Netley, were I a student of physiognomy I'd undoubtedly find your remarkably shallow brow and closely spaced eyes indispersible
oh, Well very kind of you to say so, Sir William. I'd be honoured to assist your Lordship in any way
Hahaha who knows, Netley?
The Lord creates us ALL with reason
Though in your OWN instance his motives would seem IMPENETRABLE perhaps you one day discover your divine PURPOSE
Just as at times I think I hear the footsteps of my OWN
Guys Hospital, Netley - at the double

Sir William, I raced here to Guy's when I received your message. It is not your heart?
No, No. rest easy young Acland, I am well.
There's an operation to be performed upon one of the malewomen kept for me here. Shall need your assistance.
It's this way.
but why ME?
The Operation involves research of a... confidential nature.
you are my son in law, Theodore, and I know I can trust you to remain silent.
even to Caroline
you have my word Sir
Good. The research concerns a cretinoid condition found in adult women. I hope to write a paper some day.
It is my belief that such women are rendered half witted by an impairment of the Thyroid gland which regulates the bodys iodine.
Our theatres just down the passageway, incidentally.
Our Subject today whom the orderlies are preparing is a deranged woman in terrible distress.
Be assured that whatever we do to her can only alleviate her condition.
She's through here.
Ah!
Miss Anne Crook, presume.

MRS! I'm a MRS, and I want my HUSBAND!
They took him AWAY from me!
quite
take her through to the theatre, please.
Why am I HERE? They took my Albert away, and they called him "your Highness"
Poor woman, I see what you mean about her condition
They dragged me from my lodgings and I don't know WHY!
I'd been upstairs talking to James Hinton and they dragged me out!
Hinton? but Hinton's dead.
Sir William? calm yourself. The woman obviously lodges with someone sharing your late companion's name - 'tis a coincidence, nothing more
A coincidence?
yes, yes, of course
Why am I being put to bed? It's not sleep I need, it's my husband!
Oh God! You're not LISTENING!
nobody's LISTENING to me
secure the straps and then kindly leave us to our labour
very good, sir
What? What are you DOING?
You're strapping me DOWN. I WON'T be strapped down!
There, There, my good woman. All is well.
All is well
Fear not, though thoughts and memories most unendurable beset your mind...
For I shall take them all away and quite relieve your suffering
Oh
Oh dear God, When I look upon your face I am afraid and cannot help it...
Wh-Who are you sir?

I am Sir William Withey Gull
Administer the anaesthetic, Acland.
Now..what were we discussing?
MMNF
You mentioned the thyroid gland, sir
Ah yes, my theory maintains that if the thyroid is impaired or, as in this instance, removed entirely, then iodine will accumulate within the female body
MN
..causing impairment of the brain with consequential loss of faculties
h
Does not the concept spur you to HUMILITY?
Think of it, Acland..
Less than a thimble-full of iodine divides the intellectual from the imbecile
of which phenomenon I shall forthwith attempt a demonstration

From hell
Kidne Stone from one wor
fried and ate
tuff it ou
Liq
2hr
?
Adam Cave 198

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